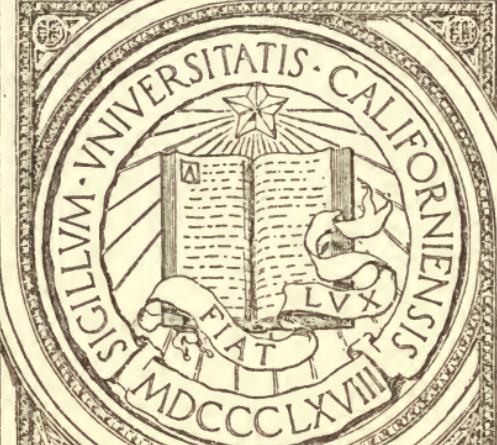


THE PEOPLE OF TIPI SAPA

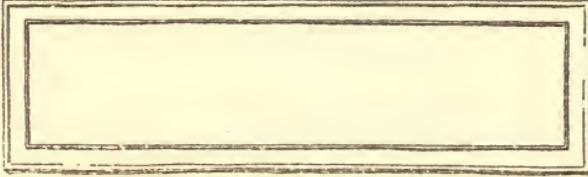


TIPI SAPA MITAOYATE KIN

SARAH EMILIA OLDEN



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TIPI SAPA



TIPI SAPA
THE REV. P. J. DELORIA

The People
OF
Tipi Sapa
(The Dakotas)

TIPI SAPA MITAOYATE KIN

By
SARAH EMILIA OLDEN

With Foreword by
HUGH LATIMER BURLESON
Bishop of South Dakota

Morehouse Publishing Co.
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1918

IN
LOVING MEMORY
OF
MY MOTHER

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FOREWORD

THE people of Tipi Sapa, known to the world as Sioux, but whose true title is "Dakotas" (The Federation of Brothers), are among the most interesting and virile of our aboriginal Americans; and among them none exercises greater leadership than the man whose reminiscences have been gathered into this volume. It was fortunate that, during an entire winter, one who had time and appreciation was able to get from him the material which is to be found in rich variety in the following pages. Far too little is known about the home life, the social customs, and the religious sanctions of our Indian races. It is in these things that the character of a people has its root. Therefore those who read this volume will find in it much that is revealing and stimulating. It does not purport to be an exhaustive, or even an orderly, treatise, but rather the familiar "reminiscings" of a man who, looking at the years behind him, tries to interpret their significant features that he may help to reveal his people to another race.

Tipi Sapa, the Rev. Philip J. Deloria, now past sixty years of age, has for twenty-six years been

our priest on the Standing Rock Reservation. As the son of a chief he took his share in the conflicts of his tribe, and was a warrior of no mean renown. It was the Rev. Joseph W. Cook who, in 1870, won the attention of Tipi Sapa to the teachings of the Gospel. It is interesting to know that the music of an old hymn was a potent factor in his conversion. In speaking of it he says:

"One day I passed the little church. Out of the open window I heard the sound of voices. The tune they sang was pleasant to hear, so I went to the church for three successive Sundays, but that tune was not sung. On the fourth Sunday I heard the hymn I longed for. The man next me sang it from a book. I listened and got the words of the first verse and learned them by heart. When I left the church I could carry the tune and sing the first verse of the Dakota translation of 'Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah', and I felt that I was the possessor of a great treasure."

It was not long afterward that Philip Deloria made his decision to enlist as a soldier of Jesus Christ, and he was baptized on Christmas Day, 1870. From that time until his ordination to the priesthood he served the Church in the capacity of lay reader and of deacon.

Of Tipi Sapa himself there is little trace in this volume; at least in any ordinary biographical form. He tells the story of his people very simply, very humbly, and very effectively. In this there

is a value—and a loss. The atmosphere of the race will be felt by those who read; but they will not know—because, being what he is, he could not tell—how his own life has blessed and helped his own people. For that, one must read between the lines.

HUGH L. BURLESON.

PREFACE

JT was my good fortune to spend the winter of 1916-17 at the Industrial School for Indian boys and girls, connected with St. Elizabeth's Mission, Wakpala, on Standing Rock Reservation, in the northern part of South Dakota. I found myself in the heart of the prairie land, in that wild country, the home of the "First People", and the former haunt of the buffalo; the country whose grandeur thrills and whose air exhilarates, and which possesses an atmosphere not to be perceived elsewhere in the whole world. We cannot begin to realize the greatness of this United States until we have seen the prairies—broad, vast, limitless, with innumerable "cattle upon a thousand hills", with herds of horses grazing on the plains and in the picturesque valleys; and with camps nestling in the bits of timber that fringe the edges of creeks and rivers. They extend into space on every hand as far as eye can reach; and, just as they blend with the circle of the horizon, present the appearance of countless blue billows rolling over some mighty ocean.

As the firmament here especially "showeth the handiwork of God, so do the heavens declare most

abundantly His glory"; for the brilliant gold, deep crimson, and cold green of the sunset sky are never to be forgotten, neither is the starry frame that succeeds them. On account of the clearness of the atmosphere, the moon and stars seem close at hand and of exceptional brightness. Then, in a moment, the dark, angry wind clouds gather together, streaked with a lightning that flashes from pole to pole, and, bursting with a volley of sound, pour forth their treasures of rain and hail. Whether these prairies are buried beneath several feet of drifted snow, when earth and sky and all things therein seem frozen solid; whether they are covered with the fresh green garment of the opening spring or with the dried yellow-brown grass of the summer and autumn, they have a charm, a power, a fascination, peculiarly their own.

This is the land of Tipi Sapa, and his home is a white cottage situated between the School buildings and the Church of St. Elizabeth's Mission. I was afforded many a pleasant and profitable hour in conversation with him, in reading various books, and in taking the notes contained in this little volume. I was also regaled with hearing him sing all the songs in this book. A winter spent on the Dakota prairie lands in such society was favorable for one's intellectual as well as spiritual development, and an unusual as well as an intensely interesting experience.

On December 14, 1916, Mr. Deloria held a

service in St. Elizabeth's Church at the exact time of Bishop Burleson's consecration in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City. He made a beautiful address, and translated part of it into English for the benefit of the teachers at the school. He spoke of God's watchful providence in the past over the District of South Dakota, and continued: "Now the consecrating Bishop is laying his hands on the head of Dr. Burleson, and the Spirit is working. He is no longer the former Dr. Burleson, but a new man. He has been facing the East as the service goes on. Now he is turning around towards us in the Great West, in South Dakota. He will soon be with us, and we must give him our loyal support."

The Indians retain very few of their old customs, but they still hold, every Christmas night, a great "Dakota Feast".

The teachers of St. Elizabeth's School and I were fortunate enough to be invited to this entertainment. We had been looking forward to it for weeks, hoping that nothing would interfere; but on Christmas eve there was a tremendous wind and heavy snow—almost a blizzard. The next afternoon Tipi Sapa came over and said: "Miss Olden, I don't think you had better go to the Feast to-night. It is dark and the walking is very bad — drifts and hollows. You might take a tumble on your nose. I am just advising you; so if you go and anything should happen, do not blame me."

Our disappointment knew no bounds. We were settling down in the office for a long, dull evening, when a joyful sound greeted our ears. Sleighbells! We rushed to the door and there found good Samuel Cadotte with his sleigh, ready to take us to the Feast. In five minutes we were off, with the bitter cold wind and the snow beating against our faces.

The Feast was held in the guild house below the hill, not very far away. We arrived between five and six and were ushered into the great place of meeting, to chairs placed for us by the stove. Indians from all over the Reservation were present, the men sitting on the floor in rows on one side of the building, the women and children on the other.* The meeting had been in session for sometime, and the melodeon was in full swing. Hymn singing and speech making were the order of the evening. Three or four Indians from Standing Rock Reservation made addresses. All the Indians, both men and women, speak well in public. Homer Clark, an Indian from Crow Creek Reservation, seemed to be most entertaining in his remarks.

Next day, I inquired as to what it was all about, and learned that Mr. Clark had been telling his audience they were especially fortunate on this (Standing Rock) Reservation, far more so

* In church, the men are seated on one side, the women on the other. The tiny children creep about on the floor. The dogs walk in unconcernedly, but depart with much yelping, being forcibly ejected by the sexton.

than on any of the others. They had St. Elizabeth's School with its staff of teachers and its far-reaching influence. Above all, they had Mr. Deloria (Tipi Sapa) constantly going about and doing good, inspiring and uplifting them, and comforting them in time of trouble. They ought to be storing away all this good, making the most of it, for when he is taken away, his place will be a most difficult one to fill.

Paul Yellow Bear and his family from North Dakota were present, as they were visiting St. Elizabeth's Mission during the holidays. His wife made a little speech. After he had interpreted the Arickara into Dakota to Ella Deloria, she in turn translated for us.* Mrs. Yellow Bear said: "I feel very humble when I see you, and all that you do. We have greatly enjoyed our stay with you. We have never seen more beautiful kindness, generosity, and hospitality. When we go away, we shall love to think of you all at Standing Rock," and much more to the same effect.

The time for refreshments had arrived. A crier appeared and announced the names of those who were to dine first. The people had to go in detachments, as the new log house in which the meal was served was not large enough to accommodate such a crowd at one time. Everything throughout was conducted in the most orderly

* The Arickaras occupied the land now called Dakota before the Sioux.

and dignified manner. The room was nicely decorated in white and green. The long tables were neatly set, and there was food in abundance—chicken soup, stewed chicken, bread and butter, tea and coffee, canned fruits, stewed June berries, cake, and innumerable pies. It is wonderful how well these Indian women prepare such a sumptuous and good repast, and for so large a gathering, as they have so few conveniences. They have to carry wood and water a long way, and their cooking utensils are few in number.

While the companies of people were being served in turn, those who had finished repaired to the guild house and joined together in singing hymns once more. This and the speeches continued for some hours longer. We waited for the crowning act of a Dakota Feast—the hand-shaking. A vigorous Christmas hymn was played, and a few grouped themselves about the melodeon to sing, while the rest of the people lined up around the building. The person at the end of the line then started to shake hands with his or her neighbor; and so on all the way along, until each individual had shaken hands with everyone else to the music of the hymn. Then we drove off, in the crisp air, beneath the deep blue, brilliantly illuminated heavens; for the storm had cleared away. Upon reaching our respective abodes, we found it was past one a. m.! The poor little babies must have been so

glad to find themselves in their sleeping places! They see a great deal of life, those Indian babies.

Every Sunday, the Indians living in the nearer portions of the Reservation flock to church.* They come in "buggies", then turn their horses loose outside. It is a joy to hear the hearty responses and the vigorous singing (unknown at our services elsewhere).

There is a large and flourishing branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. Meetings are held every week, from ten to three. The members make quilts and sell them at good prices among themselves, and in that way bring in quite an amount of money for missions.† They give liberally to war work also, and were among the first to contribute to the Belgians and Armenians. They are very poor, but go without food and deny themselves in other ways in order to be able to give money to different objects. At the times of the San Francisco earthquake, and of the flood in Ohio, they responded generously to the call for help from these stricken people.

The school was founded nearly thirty years ago by Bishop Hare and Mr. Deloria, making great progress under the guidance of the competent principal and her staff of teachers.‡ The

* Mr. Deloria is responsible for four other Mission churches: St. Thomas, St. John the Baptist, Good Shepherd (in Sitting Bull's country), and one at Grand River Station.

† Last year, the Indians of Standing Rock Reservation took one thousand dollars to Indian Convocation.

‡ The present principal of St. Elizabeth's School is Deaconess Gertrude J. Baker.

members, both boys and girls, of the Junior Auxiliary, meet every Sunday evening, and conduct their business according to parliamentary law. Letters of thanks and appeals from missionaries are read, and talks about missions are given. This little auxiliary has made contributions for various objects needed in St. Elizabeth's (Mission) Church, and sends off a box every year. It also pays for the education of a girl at St. Hilda's School, Wuchang, China.

There is no work in the whole Church more worthy of support than St. Elizabeth's Indian School; and it is sorely in need of assistance during these difficult war times. This whole ecclesiastical establishment is having a wonderful influence for good in our far-away Western country, and asks for our help, sympathy, and prayer.

There are five thousand Dakota Indian boys in the United States army, all eager to act well their part in the great War. One of them, in a letter to Bishop Burleson, written from a southern camp, says: "Well, Bishop, I try to do everything they tell me, but it seems to me it's awful bloodthirsty"! How strange a comment to emanate from a Sioux Indian!

All the Indians, men, women and children, on Standing Rock Reservation, in Mr. Deloria's jurisdiction, are members of the Red Cross. Inspired by his energy and fervent zeal, they are working and giving with vigor and enthusiasm.

The Star-Spangled Banner is floating in the chancel of their dearly loved church.

Throughout this book Dakota will be used for Sioux, except in relating incidents where the Indian tribes are fighting among themselves. These people object, now, to the latter term. *Sioux* means a snake, an enemy; *Dakota* signifies allied, friendly.

The cover represents a good conventional Dakota design such as is used in their bead work, in red, black, brown, and white, the four primitive colors of the Indians, as mentioned in the peace-pipe story in chapter one. The sketch within is an exact copy of a pipe of peace given to the author by Tipi Sapa. He also gave her a handsome elk-skin pipe pouch worked in beads and porcupine quills, similar to the largest of those shown opposite page 128. The two sketches were executed by Jean Mitchell Lawrence, Princeton, N. J. The illustrations, other than the portraits, are reproductions of photographs kindly supplied by the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The written material has been carefully revised by Dr. Wm. C. Sturgis, head of the Educational Department of the Church Missions House, New York City, for whose assistance the author is deeply grateful.

New York City, August, 1918.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF TIPI SAPA PHILIP JOSEPH DELORIA

TIPI SAPA, who has furnished the material for this little book, was born over sixty years ago, some three miles from what is now the city of Mobridge, South Dakota. His mother's father, Bear Foot, belonged to the Black Foot Indians, and was a noted chief of the Dakota Nation. He gave his daughter the poetical name of Siha Sapewin. This girl was held in great honor by her tribe, and married a Yankton Dakota, Saswe, who afterward became a famous medicine man. The husband bought his wife with horses, and so they were united honorably and lawfully, according to the first form of marriage mentioned in Chapter IV. Their first three children were girls, and the parents were sad because no boy came to cheer the home. Siha Sapewin was a noble type of woman—pure, truthful, upright, intelligent, and possessing great ability. She excelled in kindness, especially in her care for the neglected little ones of other people, and brought up three or four children that were left in camp. She cooked nice food, and was given to hospital-

ity. When she was about to hold a feast, she sent a crier around to invite a great many women; but the invitation was for those women only who had but one husband, and who intended to keep themselves without another until death.

When all were assembled for the feast, a rock, painted red, was placed among them, and, by it, an arrow was driven into the ground. A long prayer was made to the rock, as through this natural object the Great Spirit could be reached. A man of good standing in the tribe, appointed to perform this ceremony, called the women forward, one by one, to make the vow in regard to having one husband only all their lives. He had to reveal any untruthfulness on the part of the women, and in that case be absolutely truthful himself. He pulled the arrow from the ground and drew it across his lips. If he pronounced a woman untruthful, she could not stay for the feast. She ran the chance, also, of being killed by an arrow; and if he himself erred in that respect, he was liable to meet his death either in that way or by stumbling over a rock. Out of the several hundred invited, five or six women, perhaps, could remain for the feast! This was the only kind of meeting that Siha Sapewin enjoyed, and she made all the arrangements for them herself. She did not care to belong to any societies.

"Once upon a time, this woman made a prayer and vow to the Great Spirit. The result of this prayer was a baby boy to gladden the mother's

heart, and the happy woman fulfilled her vow by a performance of the 'Thanksgiving Ceremony'." This beloved son, named Tipi Sapa, has told the story of the ceremony, and of many other important events in his life, in an article published in the "Spirit of Missions" for August, 1915, which, by courtesy, we are allowed to reprint here.

"The offering consisted of a buffalo robe richly worked with porcupine quills, a peace-pipe, and a small bag, also embroidered in porcupine quills, containing a lock of the mother's hair and a lock of the child's and carefully sealed. All these articles were tied into a small bundle and fastened to the tip of a pole which was erected within the tipi.

"When all these preparations were accomplished, Blackfoot Woman called together the influential people of the tribe to her tipi and gave them a feast. At the conclusion of the feast, she lighted a pipe of peace, presented it in turn to heaven, to the four winds, and to the earth, and said:

"'Great Spirit, I asked thee for a boy. Thou hast given him to me. I am happy. I pray thee accept my thanks and these gifts which I have prepared and am offering to thee. May my son grow up. May he be useful. May he observe faithfully those laws and those customs which we have observed, and our fathers before us.'

"When she had ended, her guests with one accord cried 'Ha ye' (so be it). Then the pole,

with the offering still tied to it, was carried to a hill and planted there. People going by saw it, but did not touch it, for it was the Great Spirit's property.

"Thus my life began.

"When I was old enough to talk and understand my mother began to teach me those laws and customs which she wished me to bear in mind. Out of all her lessons I remember three things she emphasized. She said:

"1. 'Never forget the Great Spirit and you will be able to do all you attempt.'

"2. 'To hunt and obtain food to sustain life is your duty. The Great Spirit alone can help you in this.'

"3. 'In your tribe, do not think evil things. Say nothing wrong. Be kind to the poor and to the orphans. In time of war, be brave and accomplish those things which a man should accomplish. Thus will the tribe think well of you and you will become a great chief.'

"I was taught that before going to war I must publicly pray to the Great Spirit for help in my undertakings. I must cut out in rawhide the figure of a man and tie it to the little finger of my left hand and take part in the sun-dance where I must gaze steadily at the sun, with my hands raised up in prayer as I danced. My prayer must be addressed to the sun, who was expected to carry my petition to the Great Spirit.

"After appealing in this way to the Great

Spirit, and not until then, might I go to war. If the prayer had found favor in his eyes, I would be victorious in battle. In that case, on my return it was my duty to paint my face black and carry the enemies' scalps where all could see them, as I entered the camp. These signs would tell the people that the Great Spirit had been with me; that I was brave, and able to protect and guide my people. Then would the pipe of peace be conferred on me and a seat be given me with the other chiefs.

"If I were unsuccessful, and both failed to get an enemy's scalp and lost some of my own men, I must cover my body with dirt, and run some sticks (the number of sticks to correspond to the number of men lost) into the flesh of my forearm, and enter the camp of my people wailing my death-song. These signs would show that I had failed because I had displeased the Great Spirit, but that I was penitent. My tribe would then forgive me and I might be allowed to try again at the time of the next party.

"My mother had said I would be given a peace-pipe if I were worthy. She taught me how to use a peace-pipe, should I ever be the custodian of one as a chief. One of the times to use it was at the acquittal of a murderer.

"To kill an enemy in battle was a noble thing. But to take the life of a man of one's own tribe through hatred was a crime deserving severest punishment. Thus it was that if a man com-

mitted a murder in the tribe, he was judged by the Great Spirit. The council of chiefs and leaders met in the council-tent, and sent for the body of the murdered man, which was brought and laid in the rear of the lodge. The warriors then went after the murderer. He was tied to a wild, unbroken horse and forced to ride over to the council in this manner. If he succeeded in reaching his destination, he must stop the horse at the right place so as to jump from the horse over a horizontal bar four feet high, into the council-tent. If his feet touched the bar, he was killed outright by the soldiers, because he was considered condemned by the Great Spirit. If his feet did not touch the bar, he entered in safety.

"Then he was made to undress and lie down on the dead man's body and kiss his lips, and eat food, and drink water which had first been taken into the mouth of the dead. If he did all these things without flinching, the chiefs solemnly said 'Ha ye' (so be it), and the head chief, taking the peace-pipe, performed the ceremony described before, of presenting it to heaven, the four winds, and the earth, saying:

"Our Father, it has pleased thee to forgive this man. Let the heaven, the four winds, and the earth now witness that this man is pardoned."

"The pipe was then smoked by the chiefs, the relatives of the murdered man, and lastly the murderer, after which a crier was sent out to proclaim that the man had been forgiven by the Great

Spirit himself. Then only was he taken back by the people."

The boy's father, Saswe, was a man of peculiar powers. It was reported that he could swallow a red-hot poker, and the people around were assured that it could be heard sizzling in his mouth and down his throat. It happened once, according to popular belief, that when he was off in the mountains he found himself in the midst of a multitude of snakes. The writhing creatures encircled themselves about him, and completely covered his body. They tried to creep into his mouth, but he closed his teeth; then they sought an entrance into his nostrils and his ears. Saswe's courage in resisting them was supernatural. All the people in camp said that he must have been killed by the snakes, when, to their amazement, he appeared among them unharmed.

Saswe possessed an extraordinary gift of healing. In those days there was a man in camp who had a deep-seated rheumatic affection. His joints were swollen, and he was constantly in pain and doubled up with the disease. The medicine man told him that he should never again eat the entrails of an animal or the gizzard of a bird; if he did he would surely die. The man obeyed and was completely cured. A long while afterward, when the insides of an animal and of a bird were being prepared, this man thought he would like some to eat. His wife said to him: "Did not the medicine man tell you that if you ever again ate

any of this you would die?" "Oh," replied her husband, "that was many years ago." Then he himself roasted a part of the entrails and the gizzard; shortly after eating them he died in great agony.

Saswe seemed to have the power to travel, in spirit, over long distances, even to the Big Water* in the Sunrise, perhaps to New York; and he visited many other places.

One day, while he was meditating in the fields, he saw a vision. Some figures appeared and motioned to him to go with them; but he could not move, as he had become quite helpless in body. His spirit accompanied them to a *black house*, a dreary place, in which was "all manner of sickness and all manner of disease". Of the many people lying about in such distress, some were dying; but when Saswe touched them they sat up, quite reanimated and revivified, and many of them were permanently recovered. This black house or lodge appeared, afterward, to be a dark cloud filled with strange figures.

When a son was born to Saswe and Siha Sape-win, he was named Tipi Sapa (Black Lodge) on account of the power given to his father in the black house. Saswe was the possessor of a famous and swift black horse, also a war bonnet and a handsome skin robe worked in beads and porcupine quills. He tied these articles in front of the horse, then sent for an old man to come and

* The Atlantic ocean.

get them because the boy was born. When the old man arrived Saswe said to him: "Take your knife and prick the child's ears on both sides, and put sharp lead against his ears every night until they are pierced through. That is the first thing done in honoring a son. He is to wear earrings. Tell the people this boy is to have the name of Tipi Sapa—Black Lodge." The old man took the horse, with the war bonnet and robe attached to him, and rode around in the circle, proclaiming the boy's name; then, every night for a time, he put sharp lead in the lobes of his ears. (Tipi Sapa says he is ashamed of those holes when he goes among white people!)

So carefully had all these beliefs and customs been taught to Tipi Sapa, that they were fixed in his heart firmly, and he thought no power on earth could move them. Then he tells us of the coming of Christianity to him and his people.

"In 1870, I saw the Rev. Joseph W. Cook for the first time. He came, a pioneer missionary, and prayed and preached in a log cabin near the camp. A great many of my people went to hear him.

"One day, at the request of one of my companions, I, with my face painted, my hair in long braids, clad in the blanket and leggings of my rank, entered the little log chapel and sat me down. The hymn:

'Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah',
was sung. It caught and held me like a rope
around a bronco. I have felt wild many times

since, but never could get away from those words.

"Presently Mr. Cook, talking through an interpreter, said: 'My friends, you are living in great darkness. I bring you true light. When you shall see it you will love it and walk in it.'

"That hurt my heart as if an arrow had shot and pierced it. 'You white man, do you know what you say? We are not blind. We see the same light-producing body that you see. It is the sun. Where is *your* true light? If this is what you talk about, I, for one, will never come near you.'

"Weeks passed by. One day—it must have been Sunday—I was following a path which led past the little church. Out of the open window I heard the sound of voices. The tune they sang was pleasant to hear. I wanted to hear it again, to learn it if possible. So I went up to the church on three successive Sundays but that tune was not sung. On the fourth Sunday, however, I was happy to hear the hymn I had longed for. I stood next to a man who sang out of a book. From him I caught the words of the first verse and learned them by heart. When I left that church, able to carry the tune and sing the first verse of the Dakota translation of

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

Yus amayan ye, Jehovah,
Onšiya waun kin ded,
Qa nape umakiya ye
 Heced on wani kta ce.
 Wodmayan ye,
O Águyapi wakan.

Mni wiconi kin etanhan
 U kin he yulđoka ye;
 Qa maťin kte cin hehanyan
 Christ iyoyanhmayan ye;
 O Itancan,
 Woekdaku he Niye.

Ded hewoskand ḥein waun kin,
 Manna kin yudmayan ye;
 Qa wahacanka mitawa
 He Niye kin ee kta:
 Ohinniyān,
 Christ, icidowan kta ce.

Jordan ohuta kin he ed,
 Wikopeśnimayan ye;
 Qa wiconę kin ohiya
 Canaan ed wai kta ce:
 Hed wiconi,
 Ed ciyatana kta, O Christ.

AMEN.

I felt that I was possessor of a great treasure. From that day on I attended the services with regularity, hoping to learn other things as beautiful as that hymn.

"One day after a service, Mr. Cook asked all the young men in the congregation to remain. After a few general remarks, he dismissed all of them but asked me to wait behind.

"'You are to cut your hair short, dress like a white man and go to school. What is your feeling about it?' I replied, very decidedly: 'No!' Again and again he asked me, and as often I gave him the one answer.

"In their teachings my father and mother had said so often: 'A scalp-lock of beautiful long hair

is a most desirable thing for a warrior to possess. Take care of your hair. Be brave, and if an enemy gets your scalp-lock, die like a man. He who dies uttering a cry is not a man, and is a disgrace to his people.'

"I wanted to keep my hair long and beautiful as became a warrior.

"Meantime Mr. Cook did not grow weary of talking to me, and finally I compared the two courses which lay ahead, the heathen life and the Christian life, and after much deliberation, I made my decision.

"Going to Mr. Cook I gave myself up, had my long hair cut off, and assumed the dress of the white man. It was far from easy to go back and face my people, many of whom were disappointed and jeered at me. 'Coward! He fears warfare.' 'See, he chooses an easy life,' and many similar taunts were flung at me."

When Tipi Sapa cut off his braids and adopted the white man's dress and customs, he was followed by his father, who took the name of François des Lauriers. The latter had three wives, one of them a young girl of whom he was very fond. He returned her to her own people at Fort Bennett, and another to her family on the Santee Reservation. He was then married in church to his legal wife, Tipi Sapa's mother. She also was baptized and confirmed, and remained a faithful and true Churchwoman until her death. Bishop Hare officiated at her funeral. Tipi

Sapa himself had been baptized on Christmas Day, 1870, taking the name of Philip Joseph Deloria (des Lauriers had been changed to Deloria); and he goes on to tell of his work as a Christian soldier and servant.

"In the spring of 1871, Bishop Clarkson confirmed me. Afterward I went to Nebraska College for two years and the Shattuck School at Faribault, Minnesota, for one year. In spite of my ambition to get ahead, I was held back by pneumonia two successive years, so that I did not have three full years of school.

"In 1874 I returned to my people, equipped with the knowledge of reading, writing, and figuring, which I had been able to acquire. Almost immediately I became a lay-reader in the Church, and at the same time assumed my duties as chief in the place of my father, having been given by the Indian Department a medal signifying my authority.

"During the next few years a great many temptations of various kinds came to me, which I tried to overcome by my own power and courage. I generally failed. At length I put to myself the question: 'Why? Why can't I overcome my tempter?' Gradually I came to realize that all this time I had been feeling that my own strength was sufficient for me.

"After that, I trusted to a higher power and found help. When I saw my way a little clearer, I decided to lay aside my chieftainship and work

for the spiritual uplift of my people. Accordingly, Bishop Hare admitted me deacon on June 24, 1883.

"While I was in deacon's orders Bishop Hare would say: 'Pack up and go to such and such a place.' I would go each time, and do the work I found there to be done. When in two or three years the work progressed, quite unexpectedly, he would ask me to go elsewhere.

"One day the Bishop said: 'Pack up your things and go to Standing Rock.' I came, and I have been here ever since, through a period of twenty-six years. At that time the few Indians who were at all friendly towards the whites were either Roman Catholic converts, or members of the Congregational body. Here and there an individual or a family showed an interest in my efforts. But Sitting Bull and his people had very recently been brought in from wild life and their hostility and influence were strong. My work was therefore a very difficult one.

"Feeling that I needed wisdom and guidance, I wrote to Bishop Hare for advice: 'Please advise me what to do here.'

"He wrote back: 'I cannot advise you. I am a poor mortal like you, and can see no better. The One who can best counsel you is right beside you. Go to the Holy Spirit.'

"I have followed that suggestion from that day to this.

"On September 4, 1892, I was ordained priest.

"The work here on the Standing Rock has grown steadily, so that now we have five chapels, whereas, at the first we had only one. In these chapels lay-readers conduct the services every Sunday. The priest visits each chapel once a month, and the Bishop once a year."

Mr. Deloria can testify as to the character of our first missionaries — the spiritual power and fervent zeal, the earnestness, steadfastness, devoted self-sacrifice, and saintliness of such a man as Bishop Hare; and the noble examples and elevating influence of the Rev. Joseph Cook, Mr. Cleveland, and the many others both men and women, who have given and are giving their lives to the cause. The affection which Bishop Hare felt for the Indians, and his solicitude for their spiritual welfare, are widely known. He never ceased to pray for his dear Indian people, or "to desire that they might be filled with the knowledge of His will, and delivered from the power of darkness".

He and others were deeply appreciative of the justice, mercy, and truth, contained in the final moral code of the Indians of the old days. They did not, and could not, believe that the simple, honest, brave, noblehearted Red men "would be eternally lost unless they professed a particular form of their hydra-headed faith, or force them to adopt this faith." (*Vide Foreword: "The Soul of the Indian", Eastman*). "They were gentle among them, and affectionately desirous to im-

part, not the Gospel only, but also their own souls, because they, the Indians, were dear unto them." They were merely in deep earnest in their desire to guide these their brothers, who were dwelling in a cloudy spiritual atmosphere, into the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Mr. Deloria is an admirable exponent of their guidance. He knows the Bible by heart and is deeply imbued with the spirit of its message. He is a prophet as well as a priest. In speaking of his father's marvelous power, he said: "I wonder why I have none of that power?" One of his friends replied: "You have it, Mr. Deloria, only in a different way. Your father was a healer of bodies; you are a healer of souls."

Mr. Deloria is a born leader, and a tower of strength in the Church. He said to Bishop Hare and also to Bishop Biller at his consecration: "I will give you my invisible shoulder"; a promise that he kept most faithfully, and in the performance of it, rendered invaluable assistance to these men through their pastorates in South Dakota. When these noble bishops entered into their rest, Mr. Deloria on each occasion was among those summoned to carry the casket upon their shoulders to the final burying place. He is a man of wide influence and is called upon to aid in carrying on the work, not only on other reservations in his own district, but in other districts as well. Recently he has been of great assistance to

the Bishop of North Dakota. He preaches and makes addresses at various convocations and synods. He has been a delegate, more than once, to the General Convention of the Church; and in such capacity attended that gathering in New York City in the fall of 1913. At that time he was called upon to address large audiences in Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities. He has also been called to Washington to give counsel and advice in regard to settling difficulties that have arisen between his people and the government.

He has a talent for friendship, having a regard for honor and a respect for a promise far exceeding that of most white men.

In the summer of 1916, after a long and painful illness, his beloved wife died. She was a beautiful woman, possessing much sweetness and gentleness of character, and was a most efficient helper in the work of the Church, through the many happy years of their wedded life. On the lectern of St. Elizabeth's Church—a memorial to Mrs. Deloria—the inscription reads: "Blessed are the peace makers; for they shall be called the children of God". Mr. Deloria's married daughter, Mrs. Lane, lives a few miles distant from St. Elizabeth's Mission. Another daughter, Ella, is a graduate of All Saints' School, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and of Columbia University, New York City. She received from Columbia the degree of B.S. While studying there she was

held in high esteem by her associates, both professors and classmates, as one who, though possessing unusual intellectuality, was, with it all, most pleasing and unassuming. For the last two years Ella Deloria has been one of the staff of teachers at All Saints' School, Sioux Falls. This is an institution of "godly and sound learning", founded some thirty years ago by Bishop Hare. During all that time it has had but one principal, Dr. Helen S. Peabody—a woman of remarkable culture, refinement, and spirituality. Dr. Peabody, with the marvelously efficient assistance of her sister, Miss Mary Peabody, has been a great power in directing for good the lives of hundreds of girls, Indian and white, throughout the West.

Susie Deloria, the youngest daughter, was graduated from All Saints' School in 1916, and ever since then has kept house for her father. Last, but not least, is Vine, a bright and attractive boy of sixteen, who is receiving his education at the Military Academy, Kearney, Nebraska.

Mr. Deloria considers that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. He uses all his force, energy, and ability, in whatever he undertakes, from chopping wood or driving a team, to catechizing and addressing little children, who are devoted to him, or preparing or preaching a sermon.* He visits the sick or anyone who needs

* When Mr. Deloria is thinking out his sermons, he lies flat on his back on the ground and gazes up at the sky; this, of course, in favorable weather.

him, in sunshine or blizzard, drenching rain or searching blast. He drives for miles over the prairies to his various missions in whatever temperature the thermometer may be registering in that great western land—from 56 below, to 110 above, zero. He is constantly called upon to settle difficulties and to give advice. What impressed me beyond all else, is his marvelous patience in the midst of numerous trying and perplexing occasions and circumstances. In spite of many and great provocations and discouragements, he always maintains his spirit, poise, and tenacity of purpose. It is more than mere patience; it is grit, the true definition of patience, as St. Paul uses the word when he tells us how to run the race that is set before us. Such pluck and resolution, such repose and confidence are to be found only in a man whose soul is anchored in truth and principle. He is full of solicitude for the welfare of his flock and deeply troubled in spirit over any of their shortcomings.

As a preacher Mr. Deloria is most dramatic in gesture, remarkable in vigor and fluency of language, and full of inspiration. Those who hear him are impressed at once with his deep spirituality. His sermons abound in striking story, allegory, and vivid illustration. On account of being so gifted in the art of preaching, he has been styled the "Phillips Brooks" of the Indian people. He is a great reader. Among some of his favorite works after the Bible, including the Apocrypha,

are the lives of the Fathers, Shakespeare, "The Vision of Hermas", "Hiawatha", "The Toiling of Felix", and some of John Oxenham's poems. In conversation he is exceptionally interesting and original, and can entertain people for hours at a time with legends and true tales of his own people and with many thrilling personal experiences. On account of his winning personality, consisting in a certain sweetness of nature combined with a strong masculinity and force of character, a wide sympathy and knowledge of human nature, lofty principle and purity and simplicity of heart and conduct, he is "a man greatly beloved" and held in high esteem by all who know him. He is always endeavoring to put himself in accord with God's will, and is ever listening for the Voice that will tell him what to do. He believes firmly in the deep personal interest of the Almighty concerning all who trust in Him, and is convinced that everything is right, in small or great matters, if ordered by Him, even though seemingly unjust and wrong, to an extent quite beyond our finite understanding. As is characteristic of all magnanimous men, he is "clothed with humility", and, like St. Paul, implies, when praised for well-doing, that "we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God."

In the narrative that follows, concerning the manners and customs of the Sioux nation, I have not endeavored to treat of the subject scientifi-

cally, neither have I made the slightest attempt at literary style. It is the story told to me in, as nearly as possible, the exact words of Tipi Sapa, Mr. Deloria, and I have studied to adhere to the childlike simplicity in his manner of relating the incidents to me. I have also used many terms peculiarly his own. It is well, for another reason, to adhere to this plain, unadorned expression of Mr. Deloria's thoughts, for he is hoping, when his little book appears in print that it will have a wide circulation among all those of his own people who can read the English language. The English vocabulary of the majority of Indians is naturally limited, and they would not readily understand a book written in elaborate diction; any more than those of us, excepting scholars, could read off-hand Russian or Scandinavian literature in highly wrought style. It is only within the last few years that the Indians have known at all of any written language, even their own; so they prefer to read books that are simple, clear, and intelligible to them.

Mr. Deloria is extremely accurate, and has taken any amount of trouble in verifying the facts about his people that are stated in this little book. As we have already seen in the biographical sketch, he has been a participant in many of their practices and usages himself. Others he has learned about from his father and from various "sacred" and wise men in the tribe.

Mr. Deloria has seen the birthright of his people taken from them; he knows them to be grossly corrupted by the intoxicating liquors handed over to them by the white men, and that they are decreasing in numbers from the diseases contracted from our civilization. He himself, with them, has had to give up the delight and the support derived from the chase and to see his people frequenting saloons and pool halls and barely subsisting on the wretched rations furnished them by the government. He knows they are in a transition state, and as yet quite unable to carry on farming and other industrial pursuits, with any degree of success; not only on account of their nomadic habits, to which they have been accustomed for centuries, but on account of their having been brought up to regard work with the greatest contempt. He sees the women idle a good part of the time, and deteriorating in their morals on account of their indulgence in gossip and scandal of the grossest kind. He thinks the crying need is more schools—Church industrial schools, farm schools, schools with courses of training for boys who want to enter the ministry; for nothing is more important than a staff of strong native clergy.

In spite of all discouragements, Mr. Deloria goes on his way rejoicing, full of hope for his people; and, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, he presses towards the mark

for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a	a as in car
e	e as in they
i	i as in machine
o	o as in boat
u	u as in boot
ç	s
c	ch
d	l
q	n
š	sh

CHAPTER I.

The Advent of the Indians—Wanderings— Customs—Reckoning Time—Religion— Peace-Pipe

ACCORDING to Indian tradition, in the old days all the Indian peoples crossed some great river; but whence they came originally, they cannot say. It was their custom to travel in the night time, and they wandered at random over wild, unknown lands. In the early dawn they were able "to see the nakedness of the land," the countless hills and valleys, fertile plains, the lakes, creeks, and winding rivers, and beautiful bits of timber. They then spied out ways over which they could have travelled far better if they had only known of them at the time, but they had been able to perceive nothing under cover of night.

They wandered from the West—the Darkening Land—towards the Sunrise. Some were able to reach the Big Water in the Sunrise (the Atlantic Ocean). One tribe, the Cheyennes, strayed into the country now named Minnesota. The Cheyennes are now found only in Montana.*

* In their cemeteries the Cheyennes used for marking their graves, figures nailed on boards with arms outstretched, resembling crucifixes.

A DAKOTA VILLAGE



The Indians are a very old people. They lived in tents, journeyed from place to place as did the nomadic tribes of the Orient, and camped wherever they found water and good pasture for their horses. In war, they thought it most important to take from the enemy as many horses as possible. They traded, bought and sold, with horses, as we do with money. Even now, they often pay their debts, among themselves and to the white man, with horses.

In reckoning time, the Indians counted from sunrise to sunrise as a day ("the evening and the morning were the first day") and three hundred and sixty-five days as a year. Some of them noted the occurrence of an extra day occasionally. They talked about it a great deal, but were never of one mind on the subject. Nevertheless, several of them maintained that every few years the extra day occurred. The record of the days in a year was kept by carving notches on thick sticks of wood.

From the earliest times, the Indians believed in a Supreme Being who ruled the Universe. They prayed to visible objects, especially the sun, moon, and stars; and reverenced even the trees and the rocks. They did not actually worship the objects themselves, but looked upon them as instruments of power through which their prayers reached the Great Spirit.

The religious code of the Sioux Indians, the special tribe treated of in this book, was similar,

in many respects, to the Ten Commandments. The Above, the Supreme Being, the Mysterious One, "Wakantanka," was held in awe and veneration. He was all-powerful. He could give them whatever they wanted if they were good; and could keep them from getting anything they desired if they were bad. Children must honor and obey their parents and help them in every way possible. All the young people had to observe the precepts and teachings of the old men, the chiefs and leaders. In them was vested the civil authority. The people were to use no deceit in their tongues; they were to hurt nobody by word or deed. Lying and slandering were disreputable. We shall see, further on, the evil effects of gossip upon girls and women, even forcing them sometimes to commit suicide. The untruthful and the backbiters were held in no respect whatever.

They were urged on almost every occasion to care for the poor, the weak, and the little ones; and generosity and kindness were always highly commended.

Murder in one's own circle was considered a terrible crime and deserving of death. Stealing, except in war, or in certain kinds of ceremony and play, was disgraceful. To covet and go off with another man's wife was a great evil and, as will be shown later, one worthy of severe punishment for both offenders. The men and the women acted the parts in life which they considered were severally allotted to them. The

bearing of the burden seemed to be shared by both sexes to an almost equal degree.

The Dakota Nation was divided into twelve bands, namely: the Cheyenne, Crow Creek, Devil's Lake, Flandreau, Lower Brule, Pine Ridge, Poplar, Rosebud, Santee, Sisseton, Standing Rock, and Yankton bands. In the days of long ago, there was another division of the Sioux called the Sans Arcs, which has preserved the beautiful legend of the Pipe of Peace. This Calumet, or Peace-Pipe, in use from the earliest times, occupied a position of peculiar importance and was held in the deepest reverence. It was entrusted to the care of a highly honored man, and brought out and smoked with much ceremony on great and solemn occasions.

In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!
—(Hiawatha, *Pipe of Peace.*)

THE PIPE OF PEACE STORY

Years ago, within the Dakota Nation, there was a band known as the (Itazipco) Sans Arcs. Out of this band of Indians, two especially favored and handsome young men were, on one occasion, selected and commissioned to ride out and find where the buffalo were.

While these young men were riding in the wild country, bent on their mission of finding the buffalo, they saw, in the distance and drawing near to them, someone who walked.

As always, they were on the alert lest some enemy should surprise them and take their scalps. The most natural thing for them to do was to hide in the wayside bushes. There they sat and waited for the figure to come in sight. Finally, up the slope it came. It proved to be a Beautiful Woman. At a distance she halted and looked towards them in their hiding place, and they knew that she could see them. On her left arm she carried what looked like a stick, bundled up in bunches of sage brush. She was fair to look upon.

One of the men said to his companion: "I covet her; she is lovely beyond anyone I ever saw. She shall be mine." "But hold," said the other, "how can you dare to entertain such thoughts when she is so wondrously beautiful and holy, so far above our race?"

The woman, standing over in the distance, heard them, and laid down her bundle. "Come," she said. "What is it you wish?" And he went to her and laid hands on her, as though to claim her, when, Lo! from somewhere in the above, came a whirlwind, and after it, a mist. The mist enveloped the man and the Beautiful Woman, then cleared away, leaving the Woman standing there with the bundle on her left arm, and the man, now a heap of bones, at her feet.

The companion, who stood wrapped in wonder and awe, was now addressed by the Beautiful Woman. She said: "I am making this journey

to your tribe, the Sans Arcs. Among your people there lives a good man. His name is Tatanka-Woslal-Mani (Bull-Walking-upright). To him especially I am come. Go home and tell your tribe I am on my way. Have them move camp and pitch their tents in a circle, leaving an opening towards the north. In the centre of the circle, opposite the opening, they are to erect a large tipi, also facing the north. There I will meet Tatanka-Woslal-Mani and his people."

(There is no further record of her approach. The narrative goes on with her teaching.)

To Tatanka-Woslal-Mani she gave the gift she carried. On taking away the sage-branches which surrounded it, she revealed a small pipe made of red pipe-stone. (This, later, became universally the material for Indian pipes.) On the pipe was carved, most ingeniously, a tiny little outline of a calf; hence the name Calf-pipe, which is sometimes applied to the original Peace-pipe.

With this pipe, the Beautiful Woman gave them a code of morals by which they must live with one another in the tribe. Moreover, she gave them forms of prayers to be said when invoking the "One Above". When they prayed to Him they must use their pipe in the ceremony. When they were hungry they must undo the pipe and lay it bare to the air. Then the buffalo would come near, to a place where the men could easily hunt and kill them; and the children, women, and men, could have food and be happy.

In the lesson that the tribe received on that day, everything was good and true. In observing the moral code just received, they knew they would be happy. By invoking the aid of the Strong One above, and using the Peace-pipe in the ceremony, they would be certain of blessings asked.

The Woman completed her message, turned, and departed. Slowly she walked away while all the tribe watched in awe. Outside the doorway of the circle she stopped for an instant, lay down on the ground, and rose again in the form of a beautiful black buffalo-cow. Again she lay down, this time to arise in the form of a red buffalo-cow! A third time she lay down, and arose a brown buffalo-cow! The fourth and last time, she appeared as a spotlessly white buffalo-cow. In this form she then turned to the north and walked into the distance, finally vanishing over the far-off hill.

During her strange visit, the Beautiful Woman instructed the people how to decorate their bodies when they were happy. The earth, she said, was their mother, for the earth nursed them and cared for them. Hence, when they wanted to dress, they must decorate themselves as their mother did, in black and red and brown and white,* the same colors which the buffalo-cow assumed in her different appearances. The earth dressed herself in white, for did not the people find white

* These four primitive colors are represented in the cover of this book.

earth in certain places? (Gray clay.) Was she not somewhere clad in red (Vermilion, South Dakota), and in brown, as the brown earth on the hillsides? The black earth, found in the bad lands of South Dakota, was well known to the Indians who used it as paint and dye. They were authorized to use these colors when they "made up" for festal occasions. But when any of the people had done wrong or had taken human life in the tribe, then they were wrong in the sight of the Great Spirit and must cover themselves with common mud. Hence arose the custom for a murderer to cover his body with ordinary dirt and clay. For many years these four colors—white, black, red, and brown—were the only ones in use among the Indians.

Tatanka-Woslal-Mani taught, in turn, to his people, the many good things the Beautiful Woman taught to him. Always carefully wrapped and laid away was the sacred pipe she brought them, the White Calf-pipe. Fashioned after it were other pipes which were used in different sorts of Indian ceremonies, and these ceremonial pipes gradually became known as pipes of peace.

The legend runs that Tatanka-Woslal-Mani had the pipe until he was over one hundred years old. Every little while he called the people together, untied the bundle, and communicated the lessons which had been taught to him. When he grew feeble he made a great feast and handed

over the pipe and the lessons to Wi-hi-na-pa (Sunrise) a worthy man, who used the pipe in the same way, and finally passed it on, at the time of his death, to one Pehin Sapa (Black Hair) with instructions to use it in the same manner. He gave it to Heraka-pa (Elk's Head) who, at his death, left it to Mato-nakpa (Bear's Ear). Tatanka Pteson (White Buffalo-Bull) was the next to receive it. After him, Herlogeca (Hollow Horn) was the custodian; and in recent times Hollow Horn gave the Pipe to Heraka-pa (Elk's Head) the Second, who died a few years ago, leaving the Pipe and its teachings to his daughter, whose husband is Zuya Sica. Heraka-pa had a son, but preferred to give the pipe to his daughter, because his son had married a Standing Rock woman and had left the Sans Arcs band. It was this son, who came from the western part of the Cheyenne Reservation where the Sans Arcs are located, who told this story to Tipi Sapa. He remained to dine with Tipi Sapa and his family.

BUSTS OF DAKOTA INDIANS



CHAPTER II.

The Circle—The Wearing of Feathers—Leaders —Scalps—Victory—Defeat—A Chief

THE Circle was the emblem of eternity. The middle tent, or large tipi in the middle of the circle, was a sacred place. The ground was levelled, and braided sweet grass laid upon it. The end opposite the door was held in as much regard as the chancel of a church. On solemn occasions, one of the chosen men in the circle occupied this place of honor, and conducted ceremonies with the pipe of peace. Taking it in his hands, he pointed it to heaven, to the four corners of the winds, and to the earth, and prayed, saying: "Great Spirit or Great Father, send me the Spirit of the buffalo" (or any other spirit he desired). After smoking it, he said to those present: "These prayers of mine will be carried in this smoke to the Supreme Being or Creator." If any bad men, such as liars and murderers or dishonorable or unclean persons (*i.e.*, those who had gone off with the wives of other men) came near the middle tent, they were driven away at once. It was too sacred a place for that kind of people. If they should enter, they might drive away the spirit of

the buffalo, as they themselves were possessed of evil spirits. Such characters had to wear mourning, and wander about outside of the circle.

In a Circle of Indians camping, things, traditions, were always kept in memory. These were called "old men's instructions", and were intended for girls as well as boys. The old men were obliged to prove themselves worthy of handing on traditions, according to the ones that had been before them.

A young man was taught to be loyal to the Supreme Being and to his circle. He was never to tell any secrets or to disclose any weaknesses about his Circle. He was obliged to be always preparing himself for two forms of action—hunting and fighting. Above all else, he was to be brave—go out of the Circle and kill, if possible, four men belonging to the enemy. He was then to have four feathers given him as marks of distinction. These feathers were to be worn in different ways or directions in the hair at the top of his braid.

The man who first took aim and killed one of the approaching enemy did not receive a feather. It was given to the one who went forward and hit him after he was down. This required greater bravery, as it was done in the face of the enemy; and if not managed quickly and skilfully, exposed one making the attack to capture and a terrible death. The feather he received for performing this act for the first time, was worn straight; the



A SCALP DANCE

second, sloping; the third, on quite a slant; the fourth, flat (horizontal). If, in such an exploit, the man was wounded, he received red feathers.

When a warrior had won four feathers, and had acted according to "the old men's instructions", he had the honor of being called a leader. He was chosen by the vote of the old men, and remained a leader for some years. During that time he had the care of some of the poor and the orphans in his Circle. There were several leaders in a Circle. They were expected to have many horses which they had taken from the enemy; also, one or more scalps.

The Indians in fighting took the scalps of their enemies; very often when their victims were yet alive. If done skilfully, with a sharp knife, the scalp peeled from the head like the skin from a banana. It was soaked in water for some time, scraped carefully inside, and dried thoroughly. It was then painted red inside and well oiled to make it soft. Scalps with long hair were of great value and highly respected.

The man who had taken a scalp carried it home with great pride and gave it to his sister if he had one. She was very proud of it, too, and carried it about with her at the next dance she attended. The scalp was kept in the family, and when war was going on, it was brought out and used. It was attached to the lower part of the bridle of the horse ridden in the fight, and, waving about, looked ghastly and horrid. This trophy showed

the enemy that its owner could kill, could take scalps; therefore he was to be greatly feared.

After they returned from fighting and were in the Circle once more, the leaders were to be honored. The feathers they had won they placed in their hair, according to the proper mode of wearing them. They then took off their clothing, and rubbed their bodies all over with the soft fat obtained from around the tail of a buffalo mixed with the black from charred wood. Those who received straight feathers sang this song: (Tona wiyaka owotanna aopazanpi Kin on.)

SONG.

Why have I done this?
Because I want the right to
 wear a feather.
Why have I done this?
Because I have not, as yet,
 the right to wear black
 paint on my body.
Dakota music.

ODOWAN KIN.

Tokae un hecamon he?
Aopazan manica eon.
Tokae un hecamon he?
Itisabya manica eon.

Perhaps some man in the Circle went forward to take the clothing and weapons laid aside by one of these brave men, and succeeded in getting everything away from him. A number of young girls jumped on horses, rode about and helped them sing. After going around the circle once, the leaders broke away and went to their own tipis. They did not remain in them long. They were brought out and taken to a large tent which had been put up for them in the middle of the

circle. This they were supposed to occupy for four days.

A tree was provided and set up also in the middle of the circle. The bark was removed and the trunk painted black, and the scalps that were brought home hung upon it.

The old chiefs announced that there must be a dance around the tree. The young women made great preparations. They blackened their faces and dressed themselves in their soft, beautiful, buckskin gowns worked with designs in colored beads and porcupine quills. The wives, daughters, and sisters of the warriors represented them in the dance and wore eagles' feathers with some of the web stripped off. These were colored red, signifying thereby the wounds inflicted on the enemy and the flowing blood. The bows, arrows, lances, spears, or any other weapons used in fighting were held by the women and carried aloft in the dance, as a symbol of the bravery of the warriors.

While the dance was going on, and the weapons shown off by the women, they sang: (Tohand wacipi canhan wipe kin winyau kin deyapi eca).

SONG (FOR THE WARRIORS).

ODOWAN KIN (WAKTE).

The Above (Supreme Being) Iye (Wankata kin de maqu,
gave me this. So (that is He on (etan han) deced
why) eeamon.
I have done this.

At this point the braves came from the large

tent with their feathers arranged in their hair. The man who had acquired the clothing and weapons of one of the braves came forward and said that though he had been known heretofore by a certain name, he now intended, upon receiving his first feather, to give it up and to assume a new one—Chasing Bear, perhaps, or something of the kind. He then called some old woman forward and presented her with a horse; next he gave one to an orphan boy; and so on until he gave away all the horses brought home by him from the enemy. He thought this a fitting time to retire, but the old men called him forward again on account of his good deeds. The women and others danced holding aloft their weapons, and singing:

SONG.

Somewhere a Crow (Indian)
lies dead
Chasing Bear has done it.
He is well named.
He has done well!

ODOWAN KIN.

Kangi (Wicasa) hed wan-
kedo, e
Mato Wakuwa he econ we.
He tanyan otaninze.
He tanyan econ we!

This is equivalent to:

Saul has killed his thou-	Saul kokto pawinge kte.
sands.	David kokto pawinge wik-
David his tens of thousands!	cemna.

These dances were kept up for two months after the warriors had returned.

If defeated, the leader, when he came back, pierced his arms through with sticks, one for each

man lost, and with these sticking in his flesh, went around the circle crying. This showed his deep sorrow and repentance, because the Great Spirit had not been on his side. When the other leaders decided that he had done sufficient penance, they allowed him to remove the sticks. He was then let go with respect, that is, he was held in as much esteem as before he went out to fight. If a leader came home from fighting, badly defeated, without any sorrow or crying, he was no more held in respect, but counted the very lowest man in the tribe.

If a leader, then, had done in war all that was required of him, that is, if he had met the enemy and killed four men in the presence of both sides as witnesses, thereby winning his four feathers, he was supposed to be qualified for behaving himself rightly in his Circle. He was obliged to love and respect his wife as he did himself. As was said before, he was called upon to give an old woman a horse that would enable her to get about, and he was to care for the orphans. In fact he was expected to provide for and defend in general, the needy, the old, the weak, and the little ones. When the old men all were fully convinced that he was living as he should, and that he had done and was doing everything in his power without and within for the welfare of the Circle, they made him a chief. He was never supposed to seek this high office for himself. Self-seeking was held by the Indians in great contempt.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

Tattoo—Ears Pierced—The Training of Girls—
Various Incidents

IN the preceding chapter we were introduced into the Circle—the environment in which all Indian children were brought up. We are now to learn something relating immediately to the children themselves.

All Indian children were tattooed, the girls on the chin or forehead, the boys sometimes on the body, but more frequently on the wrist or some other part of the arm. This custom was carefully observed because of an old tradition. Through the days of the wisest men, the "Milky Way" was thought to be the high road of the Spirits, which led them either towards the happy hunting grounds or to the abode of punishment. An old man sat along the way to watch them as they approached. When he saw the spirits of tattooed children draw near, he directed them to the right; but turned the poor little wanderers without tattoo towards the left-hand road.

While a boy was yet a tiny baby he was taken

by his father to some man to have his ears pierced. Fairly good sized slits were cut with a sharp knife in the lobe of the ear and pieces of lead inserted, which prevented the holes from growing together until the boy was large enough to wear earrings. A girl had her ears pierced at the top as well as in the lower part; and wore large earrings in each of the openings.

The children were instructed by their parents entirely by word of mouth, and were supposed to remember all that was said to them. It was especially impressed upon their minds never to tell a lie, and they were counselled as follows: "You may live to be old, you may reach middle age, you may die young, we do not know; that is in the hands of the Giver; but in any case, be truthful as long as you live. Then you must be pure and modest and honorable so that people will respect you."

In those days the girls appeared to have paid attention to all the precepts taught them by their parents, and to have obeyed them without a murmur. Very often the poorer class of girls followed the instruction of the old people better than those in the upper classes. The daughters liked to be with their mothers and always remained with them until they were married. As a rule the Indian girls became good wives—pure, true, and upright. They were kept very busy, as they made the tipis, their own dresses, and the fighting and hunting outfits for the men in the

family. They trimmed all this clothing with beautiful work in beads and porcupine quills.

The girls who paid attention to the good teachings as well as those who did not—the bad, disobedient ones—had the gift of healing, and were equally successful. There were many medicine women, who sucked the disease from the skin of anyone that was ill. Both had, also, the gift of conjury, and were eagerly sought after as fortunetellers. Tipi Sapa could not understand why the bad as well as the good should be endowed with these gifts and meet with success. He thought the former should have been punished with failure at every turn.

The Circle was not free from gossip. Often a girl was made very unhappy by hearing something that had been said against her character. At such a time she brought a dish of food from her tipi and took a seat in the circle. She invited all the other girls of good standing to bring their dishes and join her in camp. They dared not go if they were of doubtful reputation. A large crowd assembled to witness the test called Innocent's Fire. An arrow and a knife were plunged into the ground and a small rock was placed near them. This was painted red or yellow or any color that happened to be chosen. As we have already learned, a rock was sacred among the Indians and one of the means by which prayers reached the Great Spirit. A certain young man was called upon to step forward. He perhaps re-



A DAKOTA WOMAN



A DAKOTA WOMAN

marked: "Well, this girl promised to marry me, but she lied," or something to that effect. Then he was obliged to take the arrow and the knife out of the ground, and draw them across his lips and place his hands on the rock. If he, himself, has been telling an untruth in speaking ill of the girl in question he was likely to meet his death very shortly afterward in one of three ways. He might be killed by an arrow, stabbed with a knife, or injured fatally in stumbling over a rock. This seldom failed to happen. By going into the circle in such a manner the girl proved her innocence.

Sometimes a young woman of fine character called a meeting at her tipi of all the choice girls in camp and gave them a feast. There was much talking back and forth on these occasions. "How many times have you been through 'Innocent's Fire'?" one asked. Perhaps somebody answered "Twice", another, "Three times", another "Five times", and so on. They spoke beautifully of their mothers, and said that any virtue in themselves was owing to the good teaching they had received from them. These girls generally remained a long while at the meeting, exhorting one another "to love and to good works". They laid great stress upon being kind to the poor; and also agreed to look after their weaker sisters in the Circle, to try to keep them from going astray. These meetings were bound to have good results in that their influence was direct and far-reaching.

It was especially harmful for a brother, cousin, father-in-law, or mother-in-law to think any evil of a girl belonging to the family ; it did not matter so much about the opinion of the other relatives and connections. By way of illustration, such an incident as the following has happened many a time. A certain young man heard by chance, an unpleasant story about his sister. When he went home he found the poor, innocent girl, contented and happy, singing over the beadwork with which she was busily engaged. "You are bad! I am ashamed of you!" he declared, bluntly. The girl, not being able to endure such remarks, ran off without saying a word. She was absent so long, that her mother, becoming alarmed, started out to look for her. The poor woman had not gone far before she met someone running, in great haste, towards the camp. It proved to be a friend of her daughter's, who had just come through the timber, and she reported that she had just seen the unfortunate girl, with a lasso around her neck, hanging from the branch of a tree. Tipi Sapa had several sisters besides other women in his family, and his constant care was to avoid making thoughtless, unkind remarks about them for fear of the consequences.



AN INDIAN RATTLE

CHAPTER IV. HONORING CHILDREN

Honoring Girls—Honoring Boys—“Keeping a Ghost”

JT was the custom of a father to declare that he wanted his children “honored” on a certain day. After he had made choice of the right man to perform the ceremony, he said to him: “Will you honor my daughter? If you do, I will give you fifteen head of horses.” The man, after thinking the matter over, might finally agree to it. This decision reached, he went about his duties at once. First he tried to find some goodly clothes for the girl that was to be honored. If possible, he procured a buckskin suit trimmed with beads, also several rows of elks’ teeth. These, in the eyes of the Indians, were considered both beautiful and valuable. Then (from under the wing of an eagle) he took a soft feather and tied it with a strip of antelope skin, thus making an ornament for the hair. A girl could be honored more than once; and she sometimes had as many as four eagles’ feathers.

After securing these things, the man who was

appointed to do the honoring erected a special tent for the ceremony, and chose seven men to take part in the performances. Two of these were to carry, in either hand, an imitation pipe of peace and a rattle.* Five other men were also selected, besides drummers and singers.

They all met together and went towards the lodge of the man who was to have his daughter or daughters honored, shaking the rattles, beating the drums and singing:

SONG.

"Where are they living?"
(They knew where it was.)

ODOWAN KIN.

"Tukted tipi he?"

All this was intended to show that the girls were good and worthy of being held in honor.

The men who were appointed to carry the clothing went, with the honoring man, into the tipi. There they were likely to find a war-bonnet, and a shirt made of weasels' skins hanging over the entrance. In those days a weasel shirt was very valuable; being worth fully five hundred dollars. The men could not touch these articles, because they had never before given away things of this kind on such an occasion. There might be a man among the others outside who remembered having given away such things at a time of honoring; therefore, he would have a right to go in

* An Indian rattle was made by wrapping a piece of raw-hide around a ball of clay as a mold. When dry the clay was removed and some pebbles were placed inside the rawhide form.

and get them. If, several years after, the man, whose children were being honored, should be present at a similar ceremony for the children of someone else and should find valuable things of this sort hanging over the entrance to the lodge, he could take them himself, because he remembered that in times past, he had done the same thing.

The door of the tipi was then opened and the five men who had been selected went in. The weasel skin shirt and the war-bonnet were taken. Each of the five men placed a child on his back and all went out towards the large tent in the middle of the circle. Around this a great crowd was assembled. The girls were carried inside the tent and the entrance was closed. A man came forward and painted red lines up and down on their foreheads. This meant that they should try to be good. They were dressed in their fine clothing and the eagles' feathers were placed in their hair. The tent was then opened so that everyone could see them. The two men with the imitation pipes of peace and the rattles in their hands, waved the pipes over their heads, shook the rattles and sang:

SONG.

The West Wind knows
These people are blessed.
The North wind knows
These people are blessed.
The South Wind knows
These people are blessed.

ODOWAN KIN.

Wiyorpeyata kin sdodya
Dena wicaya waštepi kin.
Waziyata kin sdodya
Dena wicaya waštepi kin.
Itokaga kin sdodya
Dena wicaya waštepi kin.

The East Wind knows
 These people are blessed.
 The Earth knows
 These people are blessed.
 The Creator knows
 These people are blessed.

**ANOTHER FORM OF THE
 ABOVE.**

Bless the West
 Bless the North
 Bless the East
 Bless the South
 Bless the Earth
 Bless the Creator

Hinyanpata kin sdodya
 Dena wicaya waštepi kin.
 Makata kin sdodya
 Dena wicaya waštepi kin.
 Wankata kin sdodya
 Dena wicaya waštepi kin.

**WANKATA KIN ED OECON
 TOKECA WAN YUKAN.**

Wiyorpeyata kin wašte
 Waziyata kin wašte
 Hinyanpata kin wašte
 Itokaga kin wašte
 Makata kin wašte
 Wankata kin wašte.

After the songs, the girls turned around towards the open door. Then the singers pounded their drums quickly, while the two men danced furiously, keeping time to the music. This was the finishing touch to the ceremony.

A great deal was expected of the young people who had been honored and blessed. They were supposed, from henceforth, to live up to all that they had been taught; to do all the good that was in their power; to be true, just, pure, honorable. They had, as well, the right to put on their fine clothes whenever they wished, and to decorate themselves with the same paint marks. All these things proved that they had been honored; but it was considered far better for them to show the honoring by the lives they led. Anyone who attempted to dress and paint in this way, without having gone through the ceremony of being honored, was held in great contempt.

Boys were honored in the same manner, excepting that on such occasions, four men were chosen to represent the four winds. The man who talked to the boys said in addition to what had been told the girls: "Now you mus' honor the Earth, as it is the footstool of the Great Spirit, and His floor that you walk upon. The Great Spirit will guide you. Live as you have been directed before these witnesses—the Great Spirit, His footstool, and the four Winds."

Another way of honoring boys will be told in the chapter on Buffalo Hunting.

The man who had done the honorings received, as has been stated before, horses or valuables of some kind in consideration of his services.

When a girl reached the age of sixteen, she was put in a tipi by herself, and remained there four days. Her mother carried food and water to her. The best woman in the tribe gave her advice and talked to her of such things as were said to those who were publicly honored. Only girls of good standing received these honorings.

There was still another way of honoring a daughter. The father made a number of balls and painted them red. (When there was no fighting, red was a sign of peace.) The daughter threw ten or fifteen of them from the door of her tipi into a crowd assembled in the circle. Whoever caught a ball would receive a horse. If one man was fortunate enough to catch two or three of the balls, he received as many horses.

Sometimes a man wished to honor a daughter who had died; and such honoring took place only in the best families. He desired to keep her spirit near him as long as possible. Selecting something that had belonged to her — perhaps her work-bag containing needles, beads, and porcupine quills—he tied it up in a very fine skin, and placed it on a tripod in one corner of the closed tipi. Part of any food that was cooked was put aside for her. When he had done this for three or four months, he took a stake and drove it into the ground. At the top of the stake he fastened a picture, as nearly as he could reproduce it, of the daughter's face. Then, having placed all her good clothes and other belongings near the stake, he opened the tipi and invited his friends and neighbors to the feast on the stored food.

Meantime he had selected a friend to represent him on this occasion. He sat there quietly, while a third man acted as master of ceremonies. The latter told the people who had assembled that now the soul of the daughter was leaving the tipi and going to the spirit world. He said that all present must ever remember this day. They must try to be pure, true, merciful, humble; to lead upright lives as long as they were in this world. They had witnessed all that had been done by this family to make people good, and it was their duty to teach these things to their children.

The man who represented the "doings" took the first prize, which was likely to be the finest

horse. Then the master of ceremonies received a handsome gift, and all the others in turn. The father of the girl whose memory had been held in honor was bound, after this ceremonial, to be a helpful man in his tribe. It made him of much more importance in the circle, and gave him a wider influence. The young women as well as the men sought his advice. If anything went wrong, it was his duty to set it right. A certain party in the tribe might be preparing to fight with some others who did not wish to be drawn into the contest. The people would say: "Why do you not call in this wise man to make the decision?" It was then the duty of the latter to persuade the disputants to forget their differences and to try to live in peace.

CHAPTER V.

BOYS

Hardships to be Endured — Cold — Fasting — Dragging the Buffalo Skull

INDIAN boys were carefully instructed by their fathers in regard to the Great Spirit and all the lesser gods who were his helpers. It was their first duty to try to gain the friendship of one of these minor gods.

They had to be trained to endure hardness—bitter cold and terrible fatigue. They were compelled to walk with the men for miles through heavy snowdrifts in the face of a biting wind. Sometimes they would be caught in a raging blizzard, such as Tipi Sapa himself encountered. When he was a little boy, he went with a number of men a long distance from camp to help bring back some buffalo that had been killed. The party battled with the icy wind and blinding snow, and floundered about in the huge drift for two days and two nights. Suddenly Tipi Sapa discovered that he had lost his moccasins! This made no difference to him, however. He continued on his way for a distance of four miles



VINE DELORIA
SON OF TIPI SAPA

with bare feet. They were not frost bitten, which seemed almost a miracle. The rapid circulation caused by the constant and violent exercise must have been the cause of preventing the mishap.

The most important and difficult step in a boy's life was that of learning to fast. For this purpose he was taken by his father to a high hill or butte, far away from all his people. He carried with him, tied in a large sheet, an offering of food and various other things for the Great Spirit. This sheet was spread upon the ground on top of the hill, with its four corners towards the four points from which the wind came and the offering was presented. The boy was obliged to remain in this place, without food or drink, for two days and two nights; and sometimes twice as long. Perhaps he would become so weary that he would lie down a few moments upon the sage brush; but he was supposed to stand all the time, and to call without ceasing upon the Great Spirit to help him.

During such a prolonged fast, he was likely to see a vision. Something having the appearance of a man would stand before him and tell him when he would receive help. This vision itself would always remain somewhere within reach. No matter in what part of the world the boy happened to be, if he were in any trouble all he needed to do was to sing the following song, then he would find relief at once.

(The boy heard a voice. It was the vision singing:)

SONG (OF THE VISION)

- (1) "I come here to you first;
I come because you are calling me.
I come from the Nation of Crows. (East Wind.)
- (2) I came here to you first
I came because you are calling me,
I came from the nation of Iron. (South Wind.)
- (3) I came here to you first;
I came because you are calling me,
I came from the nation of Rocks—people of stones. (West Wind.)
- (4) I came here to you first;
I came because you are calling me,
I came from the nation of Wolf. (North Wind.)

WOMANYAKE ODOWAN KIN.

- (1) Miye tokaheya wahiyе;
Miye co kin on wahiyе,

Kangimoyate e miye tokaheya wahiyе
Hinyapata wahiyе.
- (2) Miye tokaheya wahiyе
Miye co kin on wahiyе,

Itokaga maza oyate e miye tokaheya wahiyе.
- (3) Miye tokaheya wahiyе;
Miye co kin on wahiyе,

Wiyorpeyata tunkan Oyate e miye tokaheya wahiyе.
- (4) Miye tokaheya wahiyе;
Miye co kin on wahiyе,
Waziyata sunka oyate e miye tokaheya wahiyе.

"If you should find yourself among any of these nations and in need of help, sing these songs.

You will be told what will happen. Crows, iron men, rocks or stones or wolves, will be your friends in each place." The vision then disappeared with a loud noise.

(The lad was filled with thankfulness for this encouraging sight. He called upon the Great Spirit, told him he had seen a vision, and that the future was as clear as the day.)

It was stated before that the boy went quite a distance from his people, to a solitary place, in order to have a revelation from the Great Spirit. ("Then will I get me afar off and remain in the wilderness.") He was in much danger, all alone, of being surrounded by enemies and killed. A story is told among the Sioux Nation of one of these young people who was fasting on a mountain. He was praying and crying aloud to the Great Spirit. Someone from the tribe happened to be wandering about in that neighborhood; and heard him say as he prayed: "I see the enemy coming; I shall be attacked and killed." The man went home as quickly as possible and told his people. They gathered themselves together and hastened to the place where the young boy was. They found it true enough that the enemy was approaching, and there was a sharp fight before the boy could be reached. His people were victorious and saved his life.

It sometimes happened that one of these fasters could not endure the strain and would run away. Possibly in the evening of the second

night he would fancy that the hill or butte was shaking, but did not realize that it was himself. He thought that it would tumble to pieces and that he would be killed. Perhaps a terrible wind would come up. He imagined the full force of it was blowing directly upon him, and was struck dumb with fear. He could stand it no longer, but would run like lightning down the zigzag path and across the prairies. Worst of all would be the rattlesnakes crawling out of their holes, and drawing nearer and nearer. He dreaded lest they should coil themselves around him and sting him to death. No power on earth or in heaven could induce him to stay a moment longer, and off he would go as fleet as a deer.

The boy who ran away would never have any power from the Great Spirit. He could not try the fast again, so his opportunity was lost forever. He was also held in great contempt by his people. Some experienced man told the boys how difficult this "doing" was, and exhorted them to be brave and never to run away. It very seldom happened.

The "following" was another method employed for cultivating the endurance of hardness, and it was, besides, a practice in praying. A young man started out with a friend of his to look for the skull of a buffalo. One carried a pipe of peace, the other, a lasso. When they found the skull, they fastened the lasso firmly around it and one of them placed it several yards away. Then the young man lay on the ground while his

companion pulled up the skin from his back across the shoulders, cut four holes in it with a knife, ran the lasso through them and tied it. The youth was now ready to start, and was obliged to drag the buffalo's head all the way back to camp. Sometimes it got caught in rough places, on stones, twigs, and branches and had to be jerked away. He turned around every little while, with the pipe of peace in hs hand and prayed to the skull. The rope fastened in the holes of his shoulders, probably by this time broke through the flesh. If not, he was obliged to drag the skull to the distant place in which he found it.

The young man often had visions during this performance (and well he might!). It was supposed to make him successful in buffalo hunting.

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE

Engagements—First Form of Marriage—Second Form—Third Form—Fourth Form—Woman's Work

ENGAGEMENTS and marriages among the Indians were simple in form and lacking in ceremony. In connection with love-making the following incident is given by way of illustration.

A man had been riding a long distance on horseback and, being weary, was in a quiet, meditative mood. Lifting up his eyes he saw a comely maiden bending over a stream about to draw water; just as Isaac's servant beheld Rebekah as she was standing by the well. He alighted from his horse and stood silently gazing at the damsel. She looked at him but said nothing. They remained a long time in breathing, speaking, ominous silence. Then the man wandered off a little way and returned with two small sticks. One of these was thinner than the other, but both were exactly the same length. He handed the slender one to the young girl. She took it, and after breaking off a small piece,

gave it back to him. This was a proposal of marriage and an acceptance. He placed the two sticks carefully together and made several strange signs, which meant that in the new of the moon or at full moon, he would come to bring her to his tent and make her his wife and love her ever after.

A certain young man and young girl were in love, and on the eve of being married. He talked the matter over with her and suggested that they had better wait until he had been out to fight, had killed four men, and had won his four feathers. To all this she reluctantly agreed. He had been away a long time and required only one more feather to complete the coveted number. At last an opportunity offered. His people were expecting any moment to be attacked. He with a band of men went to a very high cliff and built up all the loose rocks they could find into a breastwork to protect themselves against the advancing enemy. In spite of all this, the latter rushed upon them in great numbers and over-powered them. The young man with many others, was forced over the edge of the precipice, and perished on the rocks below.

The young girl, when she learned that her lover was dead, put on mourning and "went about softly in the bitterness of her soul". After three or four years had elapsed, her parents urged her to marry a young man who appeared to be very desirable. She seemed to agree to it. The tipi was prepared and the young man,

when he went home in the evening, fully expected to find his bride awaiting him. To his surprise the tent was empty. He asked several people about her, and was told that she was last seen going towards the bluff. That was where the fierce fight had taken place some years before, in which her former lover had met his death.

The young man, almost frantic by this time, rushed with some friends towards the spot. They saw the maiden standing on the edge of the cliff and heard her singing:

SONG.

I love a young man,
And am going to be with
him in Spirit.

ODOWAN KIN.

Eca kos' Kanaka wan te-
warinda qon
Deya wanwekdake qa
Wanagiyata kici waun kta
hunše.

As she saw the party eagerly and swiftly advancing towards her she jumped over the precipice. The body was mingled with the bones of the loved one she had mourned so many years. The remains of both were taken up, bound firmly and strongly together in a buffalo hide, then buried in the same spot with solemn funeral rites.

The following story illustrates the second form of marriage: the story of Standing Rock, told by Paul Yellow Bear's people of North Dakota.

There was a popular young girl in camp who



A DAKOTA WOMAN

was greatly desired for a wife by several young men, but she did not respond to the advances of any of them. One of her admirers was brave enough to propose a second time. He had met with encouragement from the girl's brother, who was strongly in favor of him. The maiden grew weary of this persistent love-making and wandered off among the hills. The ardent lover pursued and found her, but she paid no attention to his earnest pleadings. When the girl's mother realized that her daughter had run away, she went immediately in search of her. She found the disdainful, cold-hearted maiden a long distance away, on a hillside. She was reclining on her right leg, and had what was called "the right sitting". In a faint voice, she murmured: "Mother, my body is turning into stone." The woman examined her, and discovered that her legs and the lower part of her body were already petrified. In a little while, every part of the girl became perfectly rigid, and all her clothing as well, including her buffalo robe. This was painted, and the colored stripes—red, white, and yellow—showed in the stone. That is the story of Standing Rock. The figure was set up at the Agency—Fort Yates—and called: "The Woman Turned into a Rock."

In choosing a wife mere beauty was not always a consideration, since many of the pretty girls were often of doubtful character. Young women that were known to be good and highly

respected were the most acceptable. It was also most desirable for them to be strong and healthy and able to do plenty of work.

Parents had little to do with selecting husbands for their daughters. A brother or a cousin sometimes decided who was eligible for the girls in their family. Being all the time associated with the other young men in the circle they had a fairly good knowledge of their character and social standing. One of these young men would be discussed at home. He may have met the sister of his friend before and liked her; or he may not be personally acquainted with her. The girl would be told to dress in her finest clothes, and would then be sent with a present of a number of horses to the young man's tent. This was the first and best form of matrimony, and was called "marriage with horses". It was true and lasting. Nothing but death ever parted the couple united in this manner.

Again, a young man and a girl may have talked to one another at different times, and if they fancied themselves in love, they went to his tipi and lived together. To this second form, which was also true marriage, belonged the couples who engaged themselves with sticks.

Under the third form was the case of a bad man taking a girl of ill repute to live in his tipi. She remained with him as long as she had no one else in view; but was likely to run away with the next man who noticed her and asked her to go



CAPE FOR A MAN—DAKOTA INDIANS

with him. Such people were not held in any respect, but were despised in the circle.

Sometimes a girl visited the tent of a young man she especially liked. The parents met her at the door and said: "What do you want?" She replied: "I wish to marry your son." The favored youth who had been listening came forward and said: "Very well, I accept you." It occasionally happened that a girl was refused. In that case, she set out to look for someone else. Such marriages, of the fourth form, were often happy and prosperous.

An Indian woman was busy all the time. Her husband said to her: "Go and do your own work. I cannot touch it. If I do I shall be pulled down, and become a woman just like you." She replied: "I do not want you to do any of my work. Just attend to your own business—hunting and fighting."

The women had to cut wood, carry water, cook the food, and take care of the children. They made the tipis, which were beautiful; also the handsome buckskin garments trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. It took a long time to manufacture all the war accoutrements, shirts, bonnets of eagles' feathers, belts, knife sheaths and cases, tobacco bags, and many other articles. The women trimmed the spears, lances, clubs, and various weapons with beads and quills. They tanned the hides of buffalo, deer, and cattle. The tanning of buffalo hides was a long and

difficult process. First the thick fat was scraped from the inside with a horn, and a mush or paste, made of the brain, liver, and gall was rubbed over it again and again. The hide was turned towards the sun for a day or two, then soaked in an infusion of sage brush. After a certain length of time, it was taken out, dried thoroughly, and rubbed all over with a large stone. This careful preparation of the hide made it soft and pliable.

The women had entire charge of everything connected with moving camp from one place to another. They were obliged to care for the tents, the medicines, and the war outfits; to saddle the horses for the men, and to carry the meat and other provisions. No wonder it is so impressed upon our minds that the Indian woman did all the work!

The parents of the first or true wife sometimes thought she ought to have more help. They suggested that a sister should go to live with her in order to share the burden of the work. In this way, the latter became a wife as well.

Even with two wives, the amorous spirit of the Indian was not always contented. In roving about, he would meet some girl he fancied, talk with her a little while, and finally ask her to go to his tipi to live with him and his family. This arrangement generally seemed acceptable to her. Second and third wives were looked upon merely as helpers.

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE (Continued)

Other Stories—Punishments—Divorce—Widowhood—Relations-in-law

A MAN and woman married according to the first form, were as a rule, true to one another till death parted them. An exception happened, however, in the case of Chief Charge, who lived on Standing Rock Reservation. Some man ran off with his wife, and was living in constant dread of the Chief. It was the opinion of the young men of the tribe that, at such a time, the husband should seek out the offender and fight him; in that way he would prove himself to be a true brave. The advice of the old men was just the opposite. They thought that a higher courage would be shown by the husband, were he to go to the man who had wronged him, and talk to him quietly, some what as follows: "You need not be afraid of me; keep my wife; perhaps she loves you; and you love her." Chief Charge followed the latter course and not only surrendered his wife at her desire but also gave to the man who had wronged him a number of horses

and other gifts, among them and more difficult to part with, his war bonnet and his coat of finest buckskin trimmed with hairs.

The following story is told of a woman married according to the second form. She had for a long time been badly treated by a brutal husband. Not having the patience and courage to endure it any longer, she ran away from home. She wandered about, up hill and down dale, for many months, until her moccasins were worn to rags and her feet were badly swollen. She finally became so exhausted from suffering, but chiefly from want of food, that she lay down on a hillside expecting to die. After a little while she noticed that something was sniffing about her, but felt too weak to turn her head to see what it was, or to offer any resistance if she were in danger. Presently without lifting her head, she perceived that a wolf was slinking off into the distance. A few minutes later, she saw this same wolf coming back with three others. They crept up softly and stealthily and examined her closely. Finding that the woman's blanket was wrapped about her very loosely, they dragged it off and spread it flat on the ground. They placed her upon it, "by bite," and each one of them took a corner of the blanket in his mouth. Then the wolves trotted away bravely with their burden to some rocky cave in the timber land.

In those days people were near to the animals and on friendly terms with them. This woman

seemed to understand the nature of the wolves, and to know that they were not to be feared except when they were driven mad in times of famine with hunger or prolonged snow. Her captors treated her with great kindness. Whenever a fine sheep or calf was brought home, it was torn open at once, and the liver and kidneys* were taken out and given to her to nibble upon. After a while, the woman regained her strength. She made friends with the families of wolves living in these rocky caverns, and she used to enjoy playing with the fluffy little cubs as much as they did with her. She got to know the language of the wolves and liked to see them smile and laugh. She remained with them a long time and began to feel quite at home. One day, she received a formal visit from some of them. They said to her: "Your people are about. They will find out our dens and attack and kill us for our skins; so we are going away, and shall leave you behind." She made motions to them, trying to ask them what she could do in return for all their kindness. They understood, and replied: "See that we get something fat to eat." Then they left her and went their way.

The woman wandered back to her own people, and sought out her mother's tipi. She told the story of her troubles and of all the kindness she

* The liver and kidneys of animals were considered great delicacies among the Indians.

had received from the wolves. She also expressed a strong desire to give them what they had asked for. A crier was told to proclaim it in camp. After the next buffalo chase, a great pile of fat was collected and handed over to her. The woman had it carried a long distance away, to some little hills or buttes. Then she called, or howled, something like a wolf. The wolves recognized her voice and knew what it meant to them. They all came forward, had a delicious meal, and carried the remainder of the fat to their homes. The woman continued to give them food at intervals for many years; and she and the wolves were fast friends. She was called Living-in-the-Rocks Woman, and died about thirty years ago.

The following story is an illustration of the punishment inflicted upon those who disregard the second form of marriage. A certain young couple had been living together about four months and were apparently happy. The husband was called away for a little while, and, upon his return, in the evening time, was surprised not to find his wife in the tipi. He soon learned that she had run away with another man. He pondered over the matter, but resolved not to do anything until the next morning. Then, rising early, he painted his face with various colors, armed himself with a gun, bow and arrows, mounted his horse and rode off in search of the guilty pair. The injured man had not gone far before he

discovered their tracks. He followed these with great rapidity and soon caught up with his wife and her lover. The latter upon seeing him asked him what he wanted. The husband replied: "I have come after my wife. We will fight. If I kill you I will take her back; if you kill me, you can have her for your own." They fought first, at some distance apart, with guns; then with bows and arrows, taking aim, drawing, and coming nearer and nearer to one another. The guilty man was sorely wounded, being pierced through the lungs with an arrow, the blood gushing from his mouth. His honor satisfied, the woman's husband took his wife home, cut off her hair close to her head, and ordered her to walk away from him with her clothes partly removed. When she had gone a certain distance, he shot at her, wounding her in the upper part of the leg. After this disgraceful conduct and its ensuing punishment, the woman never went again inside of the circle; none of the other women would associate with her, and she was obliged to wander about "all her years in the bitterness of her soul". She died seven or eight years ago. After a time, her lover was brought home, He suffered terribly from his wound for several months and finally died in agony. A piece of buffalo fat was placed in the mouth of such a man, and he was buried face downward. His spirit was bad and must not disturb the tribe again as it had while he was in the world. This would be impossible

if he were facing downward towards the centre of the earth. The husband of the wretched woman had committed murder. He was obliged to paint himself mud-color, and for a long time afterward was not allowed to go into the circle. If the men happened to be smoking the pipe of peace, and he suddenly made his appearance, they did not hand it to him; but if, by any chance, he got hold of it to smoke, he had the humiliation of seeing the next man who handled it wipe off the stem of the pipe in his presence. It would have been far better for the unfortunate individual who lost his wife in such a way to follow the advice of the old men: "Let her go; leave her alone. If you follow her, and try to be avenged, you make yourself wicked, too."

There was a more simple and, perhaps, less painful method than those just mentioned of ridding one's self of a wife or a husband; and it constitutes absolute divorce among the Dakota Nation. This was carried into effect when a great crowd assembled in the circle for a dance. The thrilling and enjoyable sport might be at its height, when some man would step forward, and, pointing to a woman standing beside him, shout: "There is the woman who has been my wife! After this, she can carry water for any of you. She is free!" This man was obliged to keep his word and was never to try to get his wife back again. If he did, he was looked upon with great contempt. (He was not held in "respect".)

A husband was freed in a similar manner. The wife, assisted by another woman, sang the following song: The "friend" to whom she referred was of course her husband.

SONG.

ODOWAN KIN.

My friend, go away! Koda, iyayao!
I shall follow thee no more! Wau kte sni ye do!

It was the sad fate of many a woman to lose her husband in war. She probably loved him very dearly, and became a sorely afflicted widow. She proceeded at once to lower her dress in the neck and to shorten it at the bottom. She then cut off her hair and made gashes in her neck and legs. These signs of deep mourning signified that she intended to be true to her husband and never marry a second time. In order to make this known, she walked repeatedly around the circle, and stirred up the sympathy of the people by her forlorn appearance.

Tipi Sapa knew of a woman whose husband was killed in battle. She was about twenty years old at the time and was left with a little daughter. He said that whenever her hair grew out she sheared it off, and she gashed her neck and legs over and over again. There came a time, however, when she ceased to do these things. She allowed her hair to grow to quite a length, and parted and arranged it very neatly. Then she put on her best shawl and went to talk with some of her friends. Upon seeing her im-

proved appearance, they looked at her in surprise. She said to them: "You suppose I am thinking of some man; but I am not. Things are now to be just as I want them. I dreamed last night that my husband was talking to me, and he said: 'You and the daughter will soon be with me.' That means I shall die soon." She then went to her log house. A night or two afterward a cousin came to visit them. The widow gave her a bed in the corner, and made up one for her little daughter and herself directly in the center of the room. During the night, the heavy ridge pole that supported the log house fell, and brought down the roof with it. Both mother and daughter were instantly killed. The dream had come true. The sorrowful widow and the little daughter were once more united to the husband and father.

A woman's father-in-law and mother-in-law were obliged to be most careful not to say anything that would offend, or hurt the feelings of their daughter-in-law. Great evil and sorrow might be the result; such as we have seen in the case of a brother making unkind remarks to a sister.

A son-in-law was supposed never to see or to look towards his mother-in-law. If he did he was considered a bad man. Neither must a woman ever look at her son-in-law. They may have seen one another before they became connections, but they must never let it happen

again. As was said before, it was most important that a brother should respect his sister, and that a girl in a family should rather die than have unkind reflections cast upon her by a brother; in the same way was a son-in-law obliged to respect his mother-in-law.

The following story is an illustration of the regard shown by a son-in-law for his mother-in-law. It deals with an Indian named Bone Club, who is now living in the neighborhood of Wah-pala on Standing Rock Reservation, South Dakota. He had his tipi, at one time, very near that of his wife's parents; but the opening faced in the opposite direction. A little way beyond and almost between the tipis was a corral made of cottonwood trees. In this corral were the horses of both families. Some warrior, called a prophet but not a fighter, predicted that a horse would soon be taken from this corral by a Crow Indian. The same man would be seen falling from the horse with bloods (*i. e.*, with drops of blood falling down). That very night, a noise was heard outside the tipis. The father-in-law, thinking that it was his son, Black Bear, returning home, called out, "Is that you, my Son?" Immediately there was a shot; and the old man, with a groan, fell back dead. The son-in-law, Bone Club, felt that it was his duty to die, rather than have his mother-in-law harmed. On hearing the shot he rushed from the tipi, just in time to see a Crow Indian ride away on one of her

horses. Bone Club ran after him and shot at him several times. The next morning the horse was seen as prophesied, and the man falling from him, with blood drops staining the snow. It was the Crow Indian who had ridden between the tipis and stolen the horse. He also had shot down the old man when the latter had called out on hearing the noise in the corral.

The following story also illustrates the respect of sons-in-law for mothers-in-law. A man named Big Head, hearing a noise in the night, rushed from his tipi and found that his mother-in-law's horse had been stolen. He saw a man riding away at full speed, and followed him very closely. Then Big Head drew arrow after arrow from his bow until he had stuck the object of pursuit full of the deadly weapons. The man was overcome and fell down from the stolen horse. The night was intensely dark with not even a star to be seen. Big Head took flint and steel; and, with the soft wood which he carried in his leathern belt, made a light. He found that his victim, though bristling with arrows, was still alive. Big Head seized him by the hair, and with a great sharp knife carved off his head right around the throat. Carrying the grim trophy home in triumph, he placed it on a pole outside of his tipi.



THE ENEMY IS COMING !
From a Painting by Wm. de la Montague Cary

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE KINDS OF FIGHTING

- (1) Stealing Horses at Night (see Chapter VII).
 - (2) Fighting on Horseback.
 - (3) Fighting on Foot.

JN the last chapter, in connection with the respect shown to the relations-in-law, one mode of fighting has been partially considered, namely, that of stealing horses at night. There was a certain system in the performance of this method.

Sometimes a number of men set out to steal horses, and halted at some point a safe distance from the enemy's camp. Then they gathered several small sticks, sharpened them, and placed them sloping in the ground, / / / /, a stick for each man. After some of the men had returned from their dangerous errand, they learned who was missing from their number by the arrangement of these little pieces of wood. One, pointing towards camp, _____ indicated that the man whom it represented had gone home. A stick broken and crossed showed that one had been killed. Perhaps one stick out of the whole number happened to remain as it was first placed.

This served as a sign that its owner had not yet returned. He was either dead or else badly wounded.

Another and more important mode of fighting consisted in carrying on a regular and sometimes prolonged warfare between bands of men mounted on horses. The true braves of the hostile tribes were chosen to take part in such a conflict. It was the custom, before fighting, to send out spies in order to learn exactly how the enemy was situated. These men always went and came in the daytime. If one of them had seen the enemy and wished to let his people know, he did not take the time to return to them. He climbed the nearest hill, stood on the summit and kicked backward. That meant, "The enemy is there, get ready for him!" Or, he took off his blanket and waved it at them. This signified that there would be a fight at once.

Parties of men were often out in the night; and as they came back to camp, one of them gave a call, or a prolonged yell. It was similar to the howling of a wolf, with two short barks at the end. The men in camp answered: "All right, you belong to us." Occasionally, someone came along and howled, without the two little barks. This proved to those in camp that it was an enemy.

The best warrior and also a prophet (another name for warrior) among the Sioux was a man named Red Leaves. He was very handsome—

with yellow hair, and nearly six and a half feet in height. His people were on the verge of war with the Pawnees, a neighboring tribe. The chief and leaders held a council to decide what was best to be done. At this meeting Red Leaves was called upon to speak, and talked a long time. Among other things he said: "There is a man among our enemies, the Pawnees, that we have to look out for. He has one white eye, and is also left-handed. His nature is something like that of a wild cat—fierce, sly, and cruel."

Next day, when the Sioux rode into the fight, they kept in mind what Red Leaves had said to them. They determined to watch for this dreaded Pawnee and make him their target. A Sioux named Running Amidst, acting according to his name, rushed ahead with his people, and made a furious attack upon the enemy. He tried to hit the Pawnee and all the others around him, but in vain, owing to the uncontrollable restiveness of his horse. Finally, Running Amidst managed to turn the beast around and to attack the enemy, taking aim right and left, until he reached the Pawnee with the white eye. This man forthwith drew an arrow at Running Amidst and shot him through the body. The latter rode on with the arrow sticking in him. Upon seeing his comrades gather about him he said: "Friends, do all you can to them. They have now killed me." Shortly after that he fell to the ground. The Sioux jumped from their horses and rushed

savagely on foot upon the Pawnees. The left-handed man was fighting so desperately that no one dared to go close to him. Finally a little Sioux named Brazo came along and rode directly up to him. The Pawnee immediately took aim at Brazo. The latter making an effort to protect himself, held his arm tightly against his body and face, but without avail. The arrow of the white-eyed man went directly through Brazo's arm and penetrated his left side. The latter then fought the Pawnee with fury. He struck him with his bow over and over again violently and so quickly, that he did not give him the slightest chance of pulling any arrows from his quiver. Upon seeing the situation, Brazo's friends gathered around and soon put an end to the dreaded Pawnee. The left-handed man with the white eye had, however, managed to do a good deal of harm, as foretold by Red Leaves, in killing one of the bravest warriors among the Sioux, and badly wounding another.

His enemies secured the necklace of the Pawnee, and brought it back to camp. The necklace was made of white corn with some blue grains here and there, and a bundle of medicines was attached to it. As the men were passing the necklace from one to the other and examining it by the camp fire, some of the grains of corn fell to the ground. At that moment, Red Leaves, who had partially recovered, came in. Upon seeing what the braves were about, he remarked,

"Why did you not leave the necklace on the dead man? It is bad luck that those grains have dropped off. It means that seven of our next war party will be killed."

The following spring a band of warriors went out, on foot, led by a young man who carried a bell on a stick. They were accompanied by Red Leaves part of the way. After marching for some distance, they came to a place which seemed favorable for camping over night. After they were seated around the fire, they were startled by a strange noise. It was the leader's bell, ringing violently of itself. Red Leaves, who had just come in, told his friends that this was a sign of danger. A number of the party were frightened and returned home at once.* A man named Walking Crane said that he would not go back for any reason whatever; that he had come out to fight; and that he fully expected either to be killed or wounded.

This brave man, with twenty-two others, set out, the next day, to fight the whole tribe of Pawnees. As they drew near the timber of the enemy, they saw two women carrying wood into camp. One of the Sioux, Short Haired Bear, said to Walking Crane: "Let us go and kill those

* If a man started out with a war party, and after a time, wished to return home because his courage gave out, he was allowed to go, but was held in great contempt. All his companions barked like dogs at him. The barking was a curse. They wanted him to feel that he was disgraced. If he left the party on account of being ill, he was not barked at, but permitted to depart in peace.

women, they are enemies". Walking Crane replied: "I fight only men. Kill them, if you wish. You are just like them." Short Haired Bear and a man named Little Soldier ran towards the enemy's camp, the latter arriving first. They killed the two women, and then went back to their party. The Sioux were, by this time, surrounded by the whole tribe of Pawnees. Walking Crane thought it best to fight in the open, away from the timber. He placed men at intervals along the river. These twenty-three Sioux fought the enemy a whole day, until they were overtaken by darkness. Then the chiefs of the Pawnees came forward and stopped it. Seven of the Sioux were killed, as Red Leaves had predicted, and eleven were injured. Five only remained uninjured. Little Soldier had his heels nearly shot off. He hobbled a long way, on foot. Finally he could go no further and lay down by the roadside.

Red Leaves, who had returned long before, and the other Sioux in "the home camp" saw a big crow with white on its throat flying overhead and imagined that they heard it say, as it was flying high, "Seven of your men have been killed. The others will be back by to-morrow night." Next day a war party came home as the crow had said. They were hungry and had no clothes. The spring nights in their country were intensely cold, too. They told the people in camp that they had left Little Soldier behind. He was terribly wounded in the feet and had nearly lost his heel.

His relatives, supposing that by this time he must be surely dead, wept, cut themselves with knives, and put on mourning. About four months afterwards Little Soldier came home, a perfect skeleton. His experiences are narrated in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

GHOSTS.

The Experiences of Little Soldier—The Story of Ash

(1) N a certain occasion in the year 1876, Tipi Sapa invited Little Soldier and six other men to his lodge. They came; and all heard the following incidents related by Little Soldier himself.

When his companions were about to leave him for dead, he called to them: "Make me a little wigwam by this stream, in the shade of the willows, and let me have some bullets and powder." They did as he asked, then went on their way. Little Soldier remained there about ten days. He had scarcely any clothing, and no blanket to wrap around him those cold nights in the springtime. The only way in whch he could keep warm was by rolling himself about. He had little to eat, too, sand turtles and small birds being the only kind of food he could get in that neighborhood. He was not far from the camp of the Pawnees, and could plainly hear the music and the shouts of the dance. Every night, when he lay down, he

FUNERAL SCAFFOLD OF A DAKOTA CHIEF



expected they would come over and put an end to him.

One evening as he was sitting at the door of his wigwam, he heard some one talking in a very loud voice. He recognized the voice of Walking Crane, one of the seven men who had been killed in the last fight. He seemed to be saying: "I thought they had all gone home, but here is one of them. We will go along with him" (meaning Little Soldier). Suddenly they all appeared and went into the wigwam with him. The pipe of peace was lighted, handed around, and smoked. Then they started out and travelled the rest of the night; but as soon as day began to dawn in the east, the seven spirits disappeared. Little Soldier said to himself: "Well, I never thought these people had been killed." (They seemed so real.) When daylight came, causing them all to grow dim and vanish away, he said: "Oh, yes, now I remember they were killed."

These same figures appeared again the next night, and took Little Soldier a long distance with them. At the first streak of dawn they passed out of view once more, leaving him alone. This went on for some time, until Walking Crane said to him: "To-morrow, in the daylight, you will see some hills with a growth of sage brush at the foot of them. Coming out of the brush will be a deer; just fire at him and kill him." The next day, after the ghosts had left him, Little Soldier found the things exactly as Walking Crane's spirit

said. He killed the deer, opened him, took out the liver and kidneys, and ate them. Then he peeled off the skin and thus provided himself with a warm covering.

Little Soldier remained in this place about thirty days. Then the spirits came back and asked him to go along with them again. Finally, after all this travelling, he found he had reached a place where there were fresh tracks of animals and people. He was evidently near camp, but could hardly believe it. He dragged himself along for a little way, but soon grew tired, and sank down just outside of the circle. Some men who were walking by saw him lying there, and said to him, "Are you Little Soldier?" He said, "Yes." The men hurried back and told the people; they got a blanket, placed Little Soldier in it, and carried it by the four corners into camp. His heel was quite well again but he looked and seemed like a ghost.

A story is told of a Yankton Sioux, named Ash, who was taken ill and died. His body was neatly dressed in his best clothing; and instead of being buried, was placed in the cemetery in a tipi on high poles. Everything was carefully arranged, and the little door was securely fastened. The people in camp were about to move their quarters, as they needed better pasture for their horses. The wife and the mother-in-law wished to see Ash before they left, so one night they went to the burying ground. The mother-in-law became very

tired and fell asleep. The wife sat there a long time crying bitterly. After a while, she thought she heard some one breathing heavily. She opened the door of the tipi and found Ash turned over on his side. He motioned to her to give him some water from a cup that was hanging on a pole. She handed it to him at once, but saw that he did not drink well. His face was badly swollen as in death. Then the wife awakened the mother-in-law, and hastened back to camp with her to tell the people. On hearing the news, some of them went quickly to the cemetery, and took with them a bed on poles swung over a horse. They put Ash on the bed and took him towards the camp. He refused to go into the circle, as he said he could not stand the smell of the people, and wished to be kept out of the way of the wind that blew over from them. They took him to a place some little distance away, and the people went to see him there. After a while the swelling went down, and he became more natural. Ash finally consented to go into the circle. He was led to the middle of the tent and questioned by the leading men. The pipe of peace was taken by one of them and then pointed to heaven, to the four corners of the winds, and to the earth. "We want you to tell us, Ash," he said, "all that you can of the spirit world. God is your witness that you will tell nothing but the truth about what you saw." He agreed to do this and smoked the pipe of peace with them.

He related, first of all, that he walked along a path, and saw a man and his wife and a girl in front of him. He tried to overtake them, but could not, and lost sight of them altogether. He thought he was walking on the earth, but soon discovered that he was mistaken. He had reached a great height, and, on looking down, saw the earth far below him; also the path, that was visible, leading upward. Then he came to the bank of a river, and perceived the foot-tracks of the three people mentioned before, in the bed (bottom) of the river. He could not tell whether he himself had walked through it or not. When he reached the other shore, he noted the traces of three people, from the water sprinkled on the sand. They may have been the same ones, but he did not know.

A great crowd was gathered on the other side. He saw, in a tipi, his brother-in-law, sister, and father. His sister brought something out, and put it in a kettle over the fire to cook. As it boiled, it emitted a dreadful smell. At that moment his brother-in-law threw something towards him, a lasso, made of buffalo hairs. He called to Ash, and said that he wanted him to give him his best horse. Ash replied that he would send him his fine bay horse, and then went on his way. He met some people who told him about an island that he was passing. He watched beings on it who cried and sang all the time about death. They were murderers, undergoing the

horrors of everlasting punishment. He listened to the distressing sounds, then went on and on, a very long distance. Finally, he came to the tipi in the burying ground. He saw a man in it, lying on his back, and recognized himself. His ears burst open with a wh-wh-wh-sh. His wife was standing by his side, trying to make him drink some water. Then he remembered that he was placed on a horse and carried to camp : that he refused to go into the circle on account of the odor, and until the swelling was gone down. Finally, there he was, among them.

When Ash had finished his story, he told the leading men that he took the lasso made of buffalo hairs, and wanted to secure his best horse for his brother-in-law. Just then, all the horses belonging to camp took fright, and ran away from the water which they had been drinking. Ash's fine bay horse, which he had promised as a gift, fell and broke his neck ; so the spirit of this animal went to his brother-in-law in the far-off world.

CHAPTER X.

COMMUNICATING WITH SPIRITS

The Spirit of the Buffalo

THE Indians had various ways of communicating with the spirits in order to obtain their help in sickness or in fighting and in hunting. The men in the circle who were supposed to know "secret things" were chosen for this purpose.

The medicine man in olden times was called for all kinds of diseases of mind, of body, and of spirit. He would bring his drum, made by stretching a dry hide over a wooden plinth, and would bring his medicine ball. This, too, was made of cowhide with pebbles inside and fastened to a wooden handle. As the Pejuta Wicasa (medicine man) beat the drum with it, the rattling pebbles helped to frighten away the spirit of disease. Pejuta Wicasa would smoke his pipe of kin-nikinick, offering the first smoke to the spirits, would pray for their help and would sing and dance to scare the spirit of sickness away.

He would use roots and herbs in some cases, but his faith and skill were dependent upon the spirits, good or evil.

Among the Yankton Dakotas was a famous medicine man named Saswe, the father of Tipi Sapa, who, as a youth, had a wonderful vision. Three years in succession, at just the same time, he heard a voice calling him. The fourth year he listened for the voice and heard it for the last time. In answer to its call he made a rug of buffalo skin, flung it about him, and going far away from all his people, fasted for four days. On the fourth night his spirit was beckoned off to the black clouds and the gift of healing and the control of evil spirits was bestowed. The presence of snakes, thunder, and darkness all deepened the solemnity of this experience.

After Saswe returned to his home, he, with his son whom he named Black Lodge (Tipi Sapa), would visit the afflicted. Once he was called to help a woman with a wandering mind. He had her placed alone in a tipi, while her relatives insured perfect silence by keeping the dogs still. All night long he sang to the spirits, praying for their help. The evil spirit fluttered about the tent-poles all night. In the morning he sent a spirit of thunder and lightning around the inside of her tent and her mind was restored.

Fever and broken bones were treated similarly. Sometimes he would smoke his pipe, hold a red hot iron in his mouth, and then breathe upon his patient. This would effect a cure.

At other times he would be called, and, after smoking in the patient's presence, would say, "I

can do nothing." Then no one could persuade him to try to do anything.

One time a body of men started out to fight, but, as they drew near the enemy's country, they became very fearful. They could not rid themselves of the thought that they might all be killed. Having found a good place for camp, they shot two buffalo cows, roasted the sweet, tender meat and made a splendid feast. ("Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.") In the midst of making merry over their food, the warriors discovered that their horses had taken fright at something and had run away. This piece of ill luck was most alarming. They felt that they might be attacked at any moment, and were quite unprepared to meet the enemy. Next morning, they resolved to ask help from Little Brave, one of their number who was supposed to have some knowledge of the Spirits. He said he did not want to interfere with the man who was with them (Walking Crane), who knew all about the spirits and "secret things", but since they had consulted him, he would try to do what he could. On hearing this, they at once dug a grave, wrapped the wise man in a buffalo robe as though he were dead, and let him down into the ground. While he was there, Little Brave called the spirits about him and talked with them. After a time he came out of the grave and said to the people who were anxiously waiting for him: "You know we had a feast last night and

CROW CHIEF ON HORSEBACK



gave nothing to the spirits. They are much offended at us because we neglected them; and it was they who drove our horses off to that lake we passed. The fine, black horse has broken one of his forelegs at the ankle. Our people will find them soon and bring them back. Perhaps you remember that a certain man with us who knew some secrets ('had hidden power') told you that you would get some horses. My spirits that were just now talking with me, said: 'You and your people will soon have thirty-six head of horses including two black mules; also, that a man wearing a long red coat and carrying a bow, arrows, and revolver, will be killed.'

The party went without delay into the enemy's country. They soon saw a man who wore a long red coat and who carried a bow, arrows, and revolver, driving to pasture, directly towards them, and a herd of horses, including two black mules. As he belonged to the enemy, they killed him, jumped on the horses and rode away.

The following story in regard to calling forth spirits is told by Joshua Low Dog. The Uncpapas, or Sitting Bull's people (a branch of the Sioux), started out, on one occasion, to fight the Crow Indians. The latter came upon them unexpectedly, chased them, and killed twelve of their number. When this news was brought to the Uncpapas by the rest of the party, the whole tribe put on mourning. They felt that something must be done at once. They visited one of their

prophets and asked him to find out where the Crow Indians were. While the prophet went through the performance of calling upon the spirits, the Uncpapas all seated themselves on the ground, with bowed heads, took their pipes and held them by the bowls with the stems pointing straight outward, and begged the "sacred ones" or "gifted men" to help the prophet. After this, the latter sang a song according to the spirit, and the other men turned their pipes around and smoked. He told them where the Crow Indians were, and just how many of them would be killed:

THEY SING A PRAYER.

When I call to the above
I sing for a Spirit,
I sing for him to come to
me!

ODOWAN WAN AHUYAYAPI.

Wankatakiyi hoyewaya can
Nagi-Ksapa e wakidowanye.
Wakidowan canhan tiyata
hi!

Finally a party, including the prophet, and led by Low Dog, himself one of the "sacred men", went forward, mounted on horses, attacked and fought the Crow Indians, and killed twenty-five of them.

In those days the men that Low Dog killed and scalped in war weighed heavily on his mind. He saw them in his dreams. He is now baptized and a good Christian, and this change of heart has given him—

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

In a former chapter, reference has been made to honoring boys; but in connection with "the spirit of the buffalo" there was a special way of showing them distinction. A boy belonging to one of the best families in camp was called to the middle tent, or place of honor, in which the leading people lived. The principal man then asked him to go out and hunt buffalo. Perhaps five or six others were sent with him, but he was appointed as leader. They went through all the surrounding country. As they returned towards camp, and were as much as five miles away, they flashed a mirror. If they had no mirror and happened to be on a high butte or hill, they made one of the party ride up and down so as to be plainly seen. All this meant that they were bringing good news. Then the people in the middle tent began to sing gaily the song of the wolves (Wolf Society) :

SONG.

"Friend, behold me!
I am the man who looks
As the wolves look at
things!"

ODOWAN KIN.

Koda, wanmayakeye
Sumka wakita qon
Miye yedo!

It sometimes happened that two or three of those who went out with the boy leader, determined to go on ahead and tell the people they had seen buffalo. When they reached camp they were not received by the older men. The honored boy had to appear first, and tell them the exact truth.

When the party arrived, either on horseback or on foot, they went at once to the middle tent. There sat the leader, with possibly as many as twelve other men in conclave with him; for all the good men had to be present. The questioner, or leading man, was always to the right of the boy. He then said to him: "You know all the country; where did you go? What did you see beyond?" Upon this, he took the pipe of peace, pointed it to heaven, to the four corners of the winds and to the earth, and handed it to the youth. The latter touched it with his lips but did not smoke it. For him this act meant an oath. He gave it back to the leading man, who smoked it, and passed it along to the others. The time had come for the boy leader to make an absolutely truthful statement of what he had seen in the way of buffalo. He was about to point with his forefinger to indicate the place, but was told to use his thumb instead.*

The boy then had to point with his thumb in three directions, in front, to the right, and to the left, and was obliged to tell what he had seen in the places indicated. Then he was asked if he had seen some other things, but could do what he pleased about relating anything more. He was compelled to answer the first three questions only. He had brought back with him "the spirit of the buffalo", and all the men present must receive it;

* The thumb was also used, and is now, for making an impression or mark, as in signing a paper or endorsing a cheque.



CALLING THE BUFFALO BACK

From a Painting by Wm. de la Montague Cary

then they will be successful in the next chase. If there was a bad man among them "the spirit of the buffalo" went away, for it could not remain where evil was present. The boy leader was sent out again, perhaps several times. A note was made of the first time, the exact day being recorded. Perhaps he set out in the new moon of spring or the full moon of autumn; but whenever he went, the fact of his going was preserved by the cutting of a notch on a heavy stick of wood. He may have had the misfortune to find nothing; then, on his return to camp, he was obliged to say: "I have not seen a buffalo, or even his tracks, anywhere." In that case, none of the performances with the pipe of peace took place; but as he was truthful in his statement, he was likely to be sent out again.

Tipi Sapa was well acquainted with a Yankton Dakota Indian named Crazy Walker. When the latter was about twenty-four years old, he pretended to be a buffalo man, and was supposed to have "the spirit of the buffalo". He went into the circle carrying a buffalo hide with the skin tanned. He asked two young girls to help him in what he was about to do, and to one of them he gave a wooden basin with some water in it, to the other, a pipe. The water in the bowl signified that the buffalo got strength from water; the pipe, as we have seen, was always used in praying to the spirit, just as the man, when dragging the buffalo's head, turned towards it every little while,

with the pipe, and prayed for help. Walker then called four young men to him, one of them having a gun, another a bow and arrows. He asked them what they would like to have most, for he had the power to give them anything they wanted; and they all said that they wished to get married. Having put on his buffalo hide, he went over to a plot of soft ground some distance beyond his tipi, and made buffalo tracks in the soft earth so that the people could see them plainly. He then got down on his hands and knees, and cried out to the man with the gun, or the one with the bow and arrows, whichever he happened to see first, to shoot him at once. The youth obeyed and shot him directly through the body. The blood flowing out, made Walker at first seem weak and faint; though after a while he got up and walked away. Many people did not believe he had been shot through and through; but he told them to come to examine him after he reached his tipi. Then he took some dirt or mud from the ground, rubbed it into the wounds and healed them. Having "the spirit of the buffalo", he was now able to grant any requests. He asked the four young men if they had obtained what they wanted. They answered: "Yes, we have seen the girls we should like to marry." Walker said: "Will you keep them until they die?", and made them promise faithfully to do it. The last one of these women died about three years ago.

CHAPTER XI.

BUFFALO HUNTING

"The Spirit of the Buffalo" Continued—Buffalo Hunting—Deer Hunting

WHEN TIPI SAPA was a little boy, he actually saw a spirit. The whole band of Yanktons started out to hunt buffalo, but went a long way and found none. The wind, too, was unfavorable. It was from the south, and blowing behind them instead of towards them; whereas a north wind only is favorable for hunting buffalo. They resolved to select a man who would call up a spirit to help them out of their difficulty. One young man named Little Brave pretended to be a spirit. He was bedecked with paint and feathers and had a drum tied to one arm and rattles on the other; while over his head and face was the skin or bag which covers the heart of a buffalo. He ran hither and thither, and cried and sang. All the dogs of the band rushed out and barked at him, but were afraid to come near him. He told the people that the wind would turn to the north by night, and that there

would be two herds of buffalo very near them. What Little Brave predicted proved to be true. The next day brought them two herds of buffalo, right at hand, and no end of fine hunting.

There were two special ways of "doing" peculiar to the Sioux Nation. The people were all hungry, for they had nothing to eat, and no prospect of anything.* There was a man among them named Little Wooden Dish, who was called upon and was requested to help them. He sang and prayed and went through several performances. Then he told the people that the buffalo would come with a big blizzard, and that after the storm was over, they would be thick all around the camp. The people waited patiently for the storm to cease. When it was over, they looked about, and, surely enough! saw the buffalo crowding around so thickly that they could shoot them from their tipis!

There was still another way of "doing". Tipi Sapa's father, Saswe, a famous medicine man among the Yankton Sioux, as before mentioned, was in camp in a large piece of timberland near Skinner's store, just beyond the Missouri river. The people had nothing to eat, so they sought

* The buffalo was the principal source of food and clothing. Others were deer, rabbits, prairie chickens, and prairie dogs. The last, to be good, had to be well washed and cleaned, and boiled at least three times. The fruits used were buffalo-, June-, and chalk-berries, and wild cherries, plums, and apples.

IN THE NICK OF TIME

From a Painting by Wm. de la Montague Cary



out Saswe and begged him to help them. He went into his tipi * and sang:

SONG OF SASWE.

"I send my voice upward,
Telling the Good Spirit to
come down;
So he comes down and tells
me
What I want (him to tell
me).

SASWE, ODOWAN KIN.

Tohand pteatan wau cauh
han aliyeya ecee kin dee,
Waukankiya hoye wayacan,
Nari ksapa e wakidowan ye,
Wakidowan cauhan tiyata
hiye,
Na taku wau waein kin he
hosí hi ecer

Then he called the people and said to them: "There are two hills near a place named Eureka, with a lake lying south of them. There will be two herds of buffalo there, coming down between the hills. If you want to get them, start right away, for in the afternoon a big blizzard will come up and seven men beyond that point will be frozen to death." The men went off at once, and, exactly according to the words of Saswe, found the two herds of buffalo. They killed them and brought back the meat. At Cheyenne Creek, off to the south, another party was hunting these same buffalo, and seven men in it were frozen to death.

The following was an Assiniboine way of "doing". There was one person especially among these people who knew something about a certain kind of medicine. He gave it to a young

* It was by praying in this way that these men received power, and became prophets and seers among their people.

man who was a good runner, and said to him: "You go out and stand on that hill" (pointing in the direction) "and rub some of this medicine on your arms and body. There is a herd of buffalo near the hill, and they will see you and come forward. As they advance towards you, run, but do not let them overtake you. If you do, we shall lose them. When you can run fast no longer, hide; and another man must be on the spot to begin where you leave off. Then he must have some one stationed at the point where he leaves off, and so all along the line." The young man adopted this advice, the herd followed each runner, and was brought into camp, a distance of about four miles.

As we have seen, each band of Dakotas had men with these powers, which were very remarkable, and seemed like some sort of providence. Such men were always held in great honor.

When the men in the middle tent had news brought to them about buffalo by the honored boys, or if, in any way, they found out that a herd was within reach, they had to decide upon the time for the hunt. In most cases it was thought better to start at once, or very shortly. A crier was sent through the camp, urging all the men to get ready, to sharpen their arrows and their knives, to have their horses saddled, and to assemble. It was a most thrilling sight, and one never to be forgotten, to see a whole band of men in feathers and war paint, bearing knives,

BUFFALO THROWING THE HUNTER

From a Painting by Wm. de la Montague Cary





clubs, bows, and arrows, and mounted on their lively, knowing little horses, rush out of camp, to the beating of drums and the singing of songs, for a wild buffalo chase.

There were two or four men, sometimes more, who acted as leaders, as it often took quite a number to control such an excited crowd. Sometimes a few women were allowed to go along; either because they wished to, or on account of their being needed to help with the meat and the hides. When the band reached the place where the herd of buffalo were grazing, the leaders called a halt. Then they looked about and chose the ground from which to start. They divided up the men, placing some on the right and the others on the left. If anyone happened to go ahead and make a run towards the buffalo, or if he disobeyed orders in any way, he was severely whipped and driven back. On these occasions obedience was insisted upon. No man was allowed to shoot at anything, the use of a gun* being especially forbidden. Any infraction of this rule was followed by a sound beating and often by the destruction of the offender's tipi. When the signal was given by the leaders, it was time for the men to rush forward upon their prey. The buffalo saw them coming, but at first made no attempt to run. They stood quietly, as if dazed, looking straight at the enemy. Then, all of a sudden, the whole herd turned tail and

* On account of the noise.

ran, with the Indians in hot pursuit. They did not stop the chase till every buffalo was killed. It was magnificent sport and most exciting. Sometimes a buffalo, driven to fury, turned and charged, killing one or more men.

A number of extra horses were always brought along and left behind on the plain or in the valley, till needed. At the close of the hunt the meat and hides were loaded on them, and the whole party returned to camp. The old men who had no horses and were no longer able to hunt, were each presented with a buffalo, by the younger men. Those who received them were very grateful, and sang pleasing songs about the hunters who were kind to them. The women were kept very busy with jerking and drying the beef. If there were not a sufficient quantity, all started off again to the scene of slaughter, got more meat, brought it back, and prepared it. The night after a good hunt was most agreeable. The men sat outside of their tipis, watched the meat roasting over the blazing fires, then ate to the full the sweet delicious food. What remained was taken down below the hills and stored away for future use. Large holes were dug in the sides of the hills and in them, wrapped in the great hides, were placed the backs and other parts of the carcases; then the openings to the cavities were carefully filled up with earth. The meat, in this way, was well preserved, and when used later on, was sweet and good.



THE BUFFALO HUNTER'S RETURN

A CROW HUNTING CAMP

From a Painting by Wm. de la Montague Cary



The days of the buffalo-chase are past and gone. Nothing was more exciting, exhilarating, and charming to the Indian than hunting the buffalo and feasting on the flesh. Tipi Sapa said to me: "I have a terrible longing for it. You white people have come and have taken it all away from us, and expect us to follow your ways. It is very hard for a people to change their whole mode of life. Now, we just sit around in camp and talk back and forth. There is nothing to do in the way of amusement, and no fun for anybody!" How sad and how true it all is!

When no buffalo were to be found anywhere the fact still remained that the people must have something to eat. A certain young man, who seemed to have wonderful power, and possessed "the spirit of the deer" as others did "the spirit of the buffalo", was chosen to call the deer to him. He selected a high, level place, and at one end where it sloped down, ordered a corral to be built. Heaps of earth were placed at intervals along two lines which formed the letter V, the point being at the corral. Between each of these heaps of earth were willow twigs sharpened at either end, and bent or curved by having both ends stuck into the ground. The young man, after painting himself in different colors, wrapped his buffalo hide around him with the fur outside and stood on the high, level piece of ground. He held a pipe of peace in his hand, which he pointed

towards heaven, to the four corners of the winds, and to the earth. Then he yelled out four times, and sang, over and over again :

“See, those deer are coming now!”

True enough, a whole herd of deer came galloping by, and went straight down the avenue into the corral. This was followed by another herd, and another, until the entire corral was filled with the frightened animals. Then the people, who had been in hiding, rushed out and killed them with clubs. (Tipi Sapa's father saw this done, and declared it to be true.)

After the deer had been slaughtered, not one remaining alive, but before they were skinned and the meat cut up and made ready for use, the young man told the people to take all the males and arrange them in rows by themselves, and the females in rows by themselves. When this was done, they were obliged to cut off the tip end of the tongue of each deer and give them all to him. If just one were overlooked, it would cause him to lose his power, so he went around and examined each animal with great care. He kept the ends of the tongues, dried them, and made a powder of them. This powder he mixed with another medicine made of some kind of roots, then put it in a little bag and tied it in his head-dress of feathers. The only occasion on which he wore the little bag was when he went out to call the deer.

CHAPTER XII.

SOCIETIES

**Doings Inside the Circle—The Society of Braves
—The Society of Owls' Feathers—The
Society of Foxes—The Grass Society**

AMONG the men in the Circle were many societies, and those who did not belong to some one of the different groups had no standing whatever. They were somewhat alike in their offices and duties. The Society of Braves—Cante Tinza Okadaicize—held a large meeting every year in the middle tent. Seven principal men represented this society, and there were besides, a doorkeeper and a crier. The last proclaimed a dance, a feast, or any other doings. The seven chief officers gave their decision as to new members and sent men through the camp to pick them up. If the young men desired were found in their tipis they were taken by the arm and brought out. Four or six girls of fine character were selected in the same way to help with the singing. All went in procession, with song, to the place of meeting, where they were received by the seven principal men. The new

members were presented with various articles. Two were given bonnets, with feathers so arranged as to reach to the ground, two received whips, two others clubs, and one, a drum. Then the officers talked to them, and related what they had done with these same things. Each new member was compelled to live up to the high standard of the society. He had to be generous and good, give horses to the poor, to the orphans, and to the old people, and to be pure and true. If it were found out that one of them had done wrong — such as going off with the wife of another man—he was dropped from the Society. Above all else, each one must be brave, go out to fight, and probably lose his life.

SONG.

One of the members does not
return home alive.

ODOWAN KIN.

Opapi kin etanhan
Wanjj kdi \$ni.

The Society of Owls' Feathers — Mawatani Okadakiciye—like that of the Braves, had seven chief officers, a doorkeeper, and a crier. It was composed of older and more experienced men of a very high order. The members wore plumes of owls' feathers in their hair. They made these plumes by taking the long feathers from the wing (arm) or tail of the owl, pulling off the little webs from the middle stem, and tying them in bunches on sticks. Two of the seven principal men had bonnets made of owls' feathers, two others had spears, two had whips, and one a drum.

They held office twelve months at a time, and if they had done well, were re-elected. New members were chosen after the same manner as in the Society of Braves, and also the few young women who helped with the singing. The following song was sung by two men as the new members were marched to the middle tent:

SONG.

ODOWAN KIN.

I hear there are hard things to be accomplished. I seek them.	Wicoran qeya terikedo Eyapi e hena awakita yedo.
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When the time had come for the election of officers, the name of a new member was called. He was told to stand at some distance until asked to go forward by one of the leading men. Then another man placed a coal of fire in his hand. With this he was obliged to walk slowly and steadily toward the officer, who was to present him with a war-bonnet, spear, or whip, and so did each one in turn. When the new members had received their respective belongings, they were addressed by the former officers. It was expected of them to maintain the high moral standard of the society. They were never to scold or whip their wives, as anything of that kind was an indication of weakness. If they lowered themselves to fight with women they were just like them. Should the wife of one of these men run away with someone else, her husband was not to go after her to bring her back.

She was to be left alone, as her character was gone, and she could never again take her former place in the circle. When it happened that the wife of a member of this society did run off with another man, but came back of her own accord, her husband had to receive her and treat her kindly, as before. This was the song that was sung by a man when his wife left him.

SONG.

My daughter's (or son's)
mother
Goes away from me.
I have but a short time to
live.

SECOND SONG.

You will never be buried
With your wife's body;
Only dogs fight over a fe-
male;
You are a man.

ODOWAN KIN.

Micunkši (nais miein kši)
Hunjuako eyaya yo,
Nanjenunna wann we!

ODOWAN INONPA KIN.

Tukted nunke cinhan
Kici nunkin kte šni
Sunka ecena win okicize ein
Winica yedo.

This song was a curse upon the woman who ran away. The man was far better than a dog, and not supposed to fight with the wretch who went with her. Only dogs got mad and fought. The afflicted husband was marched in procession around the circle while the songs were sung. All this was intended to give him strength and comfort to lighten his burden and relieve his distress.

The members of the Society of Owls' Feathers were supposed to give liberally to the poor, the aged, and the orphans. As we have seen, they

were most enduring in hardships. They had to go out and fight, and do everything in their power outside the Circle for the welfare and advancement of the tribe. The newly elected officer sang:

SONG.

See me! I am trying
To follow the teachings of the
Society of Owls' Feathers.
Because I do not want
To reach old age.

ODOWAN KIN.

Mawatani okodakiciye kin
Hecel eyapi e,
Econ uwata nunwe.
Icin wicarcapi kin he
Tamon ka šni yedo.

A big dinner or feast was held at the annual meeting, followed by a dance, so as to give the people the opportunity of getting acquainted with the new members.

Another group was called the Society of Foxes. The members wore their hair in a very peculiar manner. The hair was pulled out by the roots, leaving the scalp bare, except in patches or tufts in front, on either side, and in the middle. The last was allowed to grow very long so that it could be braided to hang down the back. Ornaments consisting of two sticks, each about a foot in length, with bright red feathers glued on them, were worn in the hair at the top of the braid. The long locks of hair on either side of the head were drawn through a cylinder of bone that had been cleaned thoroughly within and without. Below, where the hair came through, they were decorated with weasels' skins. Ornaments were made of the heads of foxes, the faces

only being used, from which the skin was pulled off so that the bones and teeth showed plainly. These, painted red or blue, were fastened in rows on buckskin or some kind of leather bands, and worn around the forehead in the dance.

The Society of Foxes was conducted in much the same way as those of the Braves and the Owls' Feathers. At the yearly meeting, the officers sat in the place prepared for them in the middle of the circle, and the new members, with a few women, were gathered together and marched into their presence with singing, as follows:

SONG.	ODOWAN KIN.
My friend has passed his life doing his duty before me; So I will follow him.	Mitakoda taku econ Kta iyececa kin econ Unmitokam iyaya e Ehakenan waun we!

When they were seated they were called forward by the principal men and presented with the marks of office. Two received bows with no strings, but trimmed with beadwork and porcupine quills. These bows had also spearheads fastened on one end, and were used as weapons. Two others had pipes of peace given them, two more received whips, and another a drum. If the former office-holders were re-elected, they received the same articles again. The doorkeeper and crier had no marks of office. After this, the new men were instructed in their duties. They were obliged to be liberal and very brave. They had to do everything possible outside for the

welfare of the Circle. If they failed in their duties, within or without, they were dropped from the society.

There was still another group called the Grass Society of which the members were all warriors. They placed dried grass in their moccasins to keep their feet warm, and carried it in their clothing, to be used when they wanted to build a fire quickly. They wore their hair cut off on either side, straight back to the middle part, which was left long for the braid. Added to the braid was another fastened in at the end, so as to make it of great length. At the top were fastened various small objects, such as the tail of a deer, dyed red, and eagles' feathers, one, two, three, or four, according to the number of men killed by the warrior. Sometimes they were so numerous that these feathers were stuck in the braid as well, and often extended through the whole length of it to the ground. In some cases a spear with its head painted red was carried and on the end of it were tied three or more feathers, according to the number of enemies the owner had killed. If he himself had been wounded, he wore eagles' feathers colored red. (*Piji mikunaka okola keciye.*) Other "wearings" belonging to this society were necklaces and earrings; and the scalps that had been taken were worn on the arm in the dance. When these men prepared for a dance, they painted their whole bodies, usually, of a yellow color. If one of them had stolen

horses he showed the prints of hoofs on his legs. If he had saved a man from being killed by the enemy, he made the mark of a cross on his body or legs. When he had been wounded by a bullet, he represented bullet holes, with drops of blood coming out of them. If one had been terribly wounded, he put the red paint on thick around his mouth and chin, to show that the blood had poured from his mouth and down in the front. The way in which their enemies had been killed, whether by an arrow, a gun, a club, a spear, or a knife, was clearly depicted on the chests of the horses which were ridden into the dance. Sometimes all the wounded men danced together, and had a special song:

SONG.

My friend has fallen,
He has fallen in battle.

ODOWAN KIN.

Mitakoda kdirpayedo
Heciya! kdirpayedo!

The men who had captured slaves (prisoners) and brought them home were painted with a mark that represented a black hand over the mouth. This was to show that they had done the deed. They danced by themselves and also had a special song.

SONG (ABOUT SLAVES).

Friends, I let these slaves walk,
I let them walk in front of me;
But I do not treat them roughly,
I just let them walk ahead of me.

ODOWAN (WAYAKA ON).

Koda, wayaka dena maniwica wakiya,
Mitokam mani wica wakiya;
Sicaya wicawakuwa śni yedo.
Ikceya mitokam mani wica wakiya.

The members of the Grass Society were chosen as they were in the other societies. At the place of meeting, when the time had come for the yearly election of new officers, two men were asked to bring them forward, and sang the following song:

SONG.	ODOWAN KIN.
Spotted Eagle, you are a man.	Wanbdi kdeš ka wica yedo.
While you were living	Niyaon qon he ehan,
You acted as though	Wandgi wan iyecedya
You were a ghost.	Yaun wedo.

Spotted Eagle, the son of Red Leaves, was a well-known man among the Dakotas. The term, "acting as though he were a ghost", meant that he was bold and brave and did many daring things.

The seven principal men of the Grass Society were supposed to tell at the annual meeting any brave deeds that they had done during the year, and then to hand over the articles belonging to their office. Five of them had belts made of crows' feathers, one a drum, and one a stick about eighteen inches in length trimmed with porcupine quills. There were, as well, a doorkeeper and a crier. When a feast was held, all the officers were fed by the man with the stick. He picked up the meat, or whatever it happened to be, on the end of it, and put this food in their mouths; thus signifying that being so fed, they should not fall into any bad habit. Everyone of them was sup-

posed to have killed one or more men. On returning from a raid, the brave washed himself, and, for several days, was fed on "took" food with the official stick. If, on the other hand, upon his return, he slandered his neighbors or committed other offences, or omitted to bathe or to feed himself as prescribed for the allotted period, then, it was held, he would never be able to rid himself of the bad habit of evil speaking or of any other wrongdoing. The members of this group were subject to various acts of self-denial. Any sign of weakness on the part of a man whose wife had left him, shown in following her and inducing her to return to him, was punished by dismissal from the society. He had failed to do the difficult thing.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOCIETIES (Continued)

The Crow Society — The Wolf Society — The Society of Warriors—The Horse Dancers

BEside the groups treated of in the last chapter, there were several others, one of them being the Crow Society—Kanyi yuha okola kick ye. The members wore the skins of crows with all the feathers on, as necklaces. Two of the seven principal men had war-bonnets. These resembled caps or hats without brims, covered with long crows' feathers. Two horns stood up on either side, decorated with beads and porcupine quills. Standing between the horns and covering the top of the hat, were tufts or bunches of horsehair taken from the mane or tail and dyed a bright red. Such war-bonnets were very showy affairs. Two of the members had lances, which were trimmed throughout their entire length with crows' feathers. Two others had whips; and one, a drum, all of which were decorated in the same manner. The doorkeeper and the crier carried nothing peculiar to their respective offices.

This society was conducted in the same way as the others, the new members being collected and brought to the place of meeting with song, four or six women helping with the singing.

SONG.

(There are no words.)

ODOWAN KIN.

(Zel el wiceiye wanica.)

When all were assembled, the older men instructed the new officers. One of the men held his war-bonnet aloft, and told how he had tried to live up to all that it represented; what he had done in war, the number of men he had killed, and in what way he had killed them. At this point, his sister or cousin burst into a song, the burden of which was:

SONG.

Equivalent to
Saul has killed his thou-
sands
David his tens of thousands.
Li, Li, Li, Li, Li!

ODOWAN KIN.

Saul koktopawinge
David kokto pawinge kte,
wikeemna
Li, Li, Li, Li, Li!

The women sang "praisings" for the noble deeds of the braves. After this, the bonnet was handed over to a new officer. If an owner of one of the bonnets had been killed while fighting, he was represented by another man, who told just how he died, whether slain with spear, lance, arrow, or knife, and, most important of all, how he had made no outcry in his agony. The war-bonnet was always taken at once, if possible, from the man who had been killed, so that it should not

fall into the hands of the enemy, and was carefully brought back to camp.

The same forms were observed when the other principal men handed over their lances, drum, and whips. The last were used heavily on the enemy in battle, and were also applied to slow, lazy members in the Circle who were wanted to take part in the dance.

The retiring officers talked a long time to those taking their places. Again we find the same advice given to a husband abandoned by his wife: "If that should happen to you, do not go after her. Leave her alone, and do not fight over her; she can never again be good. Do not whip your wife. A woman is weak, and if you whip her, you will be just like her. It is mean and low." (The speaker referred to the men in the tribe who did not belong to any of these societies — the very lowest class, who whipped their wives and did as they pleased.) "You must uphold the Circle; do everything for its honor within, and be brave without in defending it from its enemies."

At the close of the meeting a dance always took place. Those who participated removed all their clothing except the crow-feather necklaces, and, riding wildly into the dance, leaped from their horses amidst a din of gun and pistol fire. Mounting again with reckless speed, they dashed away to some other point at which the same performances were repeated. Altogether, such a dance was a very wild and exciting affair.

Of the seven principal men in the Wolf Society—Sunka Okolakiciye—four had wolf-skins, two had whips with the handles bound with wolf-skin, and one a drum. The doorkeeper and the crier had nothing official. Those who received the skins wore them, and added a bunch of crow-feathers, fastened on just below the nape of the neck. The members of this society travelled on foot, one man carrying the moccasins of the whole company in big bunches on each hip, while others carried the food in kettles. When they were about to go on the warpath, they all assembled in the middle of the Circle, and sang the following songs: (The name of the leader may have been Sitting Bear.)

SONG.

Sitting Bear, if you see anything
You must go close to it!

SONG (2).

Friends, look at me!
I am seeking as the wolf
seeks!

SONG (3).

I do not want to pay any
attention to girls.
I must go and do my duty
first!

ODOWAN KIN.

Mato iyotanke, taku
Wandake cinhan kiyena da
unnwe.

ODOWAN KIN (2).

Koda, wanmayake,
Sunke wakita qon miye yelo!

ODOWAN KIN (3).

Wioyuspapi kin
Wacin śni yedo.
Tohantu keśa waku kte do
epedo.

An incident is related, doubtless a rare one, of one member of such a war-party becoming faint-hearted and actually leaving his comrades and

returning to camp. The others went forward, attacked the enemy, and brought back scalps and horses.

The following song greeted the deserter:

SONG. (Sarcastic) (4).	ODOWAN KIN. (Wiweca
I was going to (expected to) do those things.	kmnp (4).
So I sent Weasel Eagle home to tell you about it!	Ehanna decamon kta e, Hintonkasan Wanbdi Hošiku waši qon!

Those who belonged to the Society of Warriors—Zuya Okodakiciye—were very experienced in fighting and in heroic deeds. Four of the leading men had skirts made of buckskin trimmed with porcupine quills; two had whips; and one, a drum. The doorkeeper and crier had no distinctive marks. At the yearly meeting, as in the other societies, the former officers related what they had done. In case any one of them had been killed during the year, the man representing him narrated it, then took the shirt that had belonged to him and laid it carefully aside. It was the same in the case of a man who owned one of the whips or the drum. They then sang, as follows:

SONG. (While selecting officers).	ODOWAN KIN.
Hereafter, if the Society of Warriors	Tohand Zuya Okodakiciye
Should have a feast,	Wica wotinna opapi
And all the members	Owasin opapi nin ecanipi
are expected to be there, Do not look for me!	Kta esa amakitapi sni yo!

The new members had it impressed upon them that if they did something inside the Circle which they should not have done, they would, after death, be punished forever. If they protected the Circle outside, by fighting, they would be blessed forever.

It must not be supposed that in subjecting their sons to the severe training and discipline described in these notes, the Sioux fathers were lacking in parental affection. On the contrary, the fate of a young brave on the warpath was watched by his father with the utmost solicitude. When bad news came and a runner entered camp with the cry, "So-and-so's son lies down there," the stricken father was hard put to it to conceal his grief. The crisis had to be met with all the stoical calm available, but it was no less overwhelming. On such occasions the following touching lament was used, but, oddly enough, even the lament was made a test of fortitude:

SONG.

My son, you went off
For a little while; you are
staying away too long!

ODOWAN KIN.

Micinkši, nankenunna,
Idade eiqon, tuwa
Dehauš unka!

This was supposed to be repeated four times. A father might get through the song once, perhaps, but nearly every one failed at the second attempt. After the fourth repetition the mourning one was allowed to weep but, until this was finally accomplished, to be overpowered by nat-



A DAKOTA WARRIOR

ural grief was considered deplorable weakness. The man who was able to reach the fourth time of singing praised his son's courage, as follows:

"Yes, my son, you did well;
You did your duty.
You died fighting;
You died without bringing
disgrace on me;
You died without bringing
disgrace on your tribe."

"Ho, ciñš, tanyan ecanon
Heceanon kta iyece ea
Kicizapi icunhan nite,
Is' tedmayaye šni nite
Nitoyate is' tedwicayoye
Šni nite do."

When the warriors left the Circle, they were dressed and equipped for fighting. They were joined by members of the other groups who were ready to go out. It was a glorious sight to see them gallop forth in their war paint, feathers and glittering weapons; many to be killed and wounded, others to return bringing home scalps and horses. In all these societies, whoever first killed an enemy on the warpath, secured the honors. Even if others who went afterwards killed a great many more than the first, they received little credit. Everyone despised a society whose members had killed none of their enemies. It was said to them: "You have not done anything; you are disgraced!"

Occasionally, in times of peace, there was a parade of all the societies. They named over the braves who had died doing their duty, to an accompaniment of drums and the tuneless shout,

"Li! Li! Li! Li! Li! Li!"

The following incident narrated by Tipi Sapa illustrates, in a certain way, the large part which the horse plays in the life of the Dakotas.

A certain man in the tribe who had been brought up with horses ever since he was a baby, claimed that he knew everything about them. He held that, having lived with them so long, he was treated by them as one of themselves and had had their ways revealed to him. On one occasion he called the men who, in his opinion, had a thorough knowledge of horses, to a meeting in some place outside of camp, and addressed them as follows:

"Our tribe has secret powers. They have been imparted to me as leader of the horse-dance, and come directly from the Great Spirit. I will make songs for you to learn, and you must practise hard on them. I should also like you to be prepared with some songs of your own."

Then the crier was told to go through camp and proclaim: "There will be a horse-dance to-morrow, about noon!"

Those who were to take part in the dance were directed by the medicine man not only to paint their own bodies, but to depict, on their horses, scenes representing exactly what had happened in the last fight, when they were in the act of attacking and killing the enemy—marks resembling hailstones, for example, indicating that the last battle in which a certain brave had been engaged had been fought during a storm of hail. When all was ready, the horse-dancers put on

their war-bonnets and belts, and provided themselves with shields, lances, spears, knives, whips, bows, arrows, and guns. Having all come together at a certain point, they were addressed by the leader, who told them that they would not be hurt because he possessed great power and knew they would be protected. A great crowd of men, women, and children assembled for the occasion. At this affair, only young girls were asked to sing; no married women, as in the societies. These girls accompanied the drummers, and made up, with them, a kind of band concert. The horses were remarkably graceful in their movements, as they stepped about and pranced and danced, keeping time to the music of the songs and the beating of the drums. The noise, excitement, and wildness grew fast and furious as the riders fired off their guns, shouted, and sped their arrows, while the horses danced. Sometimes there was a short intermission, during which the crier went about shouting: "This is all done for your amusement. You must give a smoke of your tobacco or something else to these people after all their trouble." The moment the music ceased the horses all stopped dancing, and, of themselves, turned directly around and faced the band. This was most remarkable, for many of them, though they had heard the drums in battle, had never before been in the dance.

During the next intermission, a great feast was held. Handsome presents of war-bonnets, horses,

and buffalo robes were given to the horsemen and to the young women who had helped with the singing. Then the wild dance began again, and kept up all night, or until the supply of songs was exhausted. That put an end to the festivities. After the people had left for their homes, the horse dancers went back to the central place from which they started. The leading man who conducted the meeting said: "You see this man (meaning the head of the horse-dancers) is very skilful in the dance, and that no bad accident has happened. He is the man to go to if we want this again. If there had been an accident, we would never ask this man who managed it to do it a second time. We will have only the one who knows the horses' ways. He is very kind to them. No matter how wild they are, they obey him directly, and do whatever he wants them to do. He must be well paid for all the skill and power he has shown and the trouble he has taken."

Thus the meeting of the horse-dancers adjourned for a much-needed rest, the leader no doubt richer in reputation as well as in more tangible rewards.

CHAPTER XIV.

GAMES

Shinny—Strike the Moccasins—Throwing Sticks
—Using the Balls—Secret Play.
(Huyoka Wozepi)

THE Indians were fond of all kinds of sport, and enjoyed games of a mild character as well as those that were more thrilling and dangerous. Of the numerous games played by them, only a few are given by way of illustration.

Shinny was popular and both men and women entered into the contest. Perhaps as many as two hundred at a time lined up for this sport, the large number adding greatly to the mirth, excitement, and general interest.

The game called "Strike the Moccasins", or "Han papa econpi", was for men alone. We will suppose that two parties were camping two or three miles apart, and one sent word to the other, saying: "Let us go over and strike the moccasins." If everything seemed favorable, a large tipi was prepared. The men from both camps took their guns, horns, and arrows and marched

over to this tipi beating drums and singing as they went along :

SONG.

Whatever widows make,
Those belong to me!

ODOWAN KIN.

Wiwazica taku
Kage cin hena mita waye!

They also indulged in many songs without words, a great waving of arms and various wild gestures. Then they went into the tipi, and each party took one side of it. A large crowd stood outside and lifted up the canvas in order to see the game. In winter, fires were blazing round about.

When the parties were ready to play, each side chose two men. They also picked out two little balls, about the size of a marble, and of the same color — red, black, or yellow. Then a man was selected to strike and so start the game. When the signal was given him by the umpire, he took both of the balls in his hands, stood up, and said : "I choose so and so (naming a man) in my place. I am so brave (then he went on to tell what he had done in former games). Have the courage to be laughed at. Take this ball and hide it so that the others cannot find it." The man who received the other ball was told to do the same. Then the men chosen in both parties took the balls in their hands, and sang, gesticulated, and threw them about as slight-of-hand men do. Another man, standing some seven to ten feet away, watched them, and tried to guess where the ball was. He was called "the striker of the moccasins". The

players watched him, too, very intently, as he made various motions. Sometimes he closed down three fingers, leaving the thumb and fore-finger open. That signified that he thought the balls were in the outside hands of each player. When he put his hand straight down, with the thumb up, he thought the balls were in the right hand of one man and in the left of the other. Perhaps he motioned with two fingers; then he meant that the balls were in the left hands of each. When he made a sign with one finger, he indicated that the balls were in the right hand of each man. If the striker of the moccasins guessed correctly, the players had to show him the balls. When he found both of them at one guess, he could take them from the men and would give them to whomsoever he wished, on his side. The record of the game was kept by the arrangement of twelve sticks for each party. If the man chosen to do the guessing happened to miss, then his side lost a stick. One of the parties may have already acquired a great many sticks; but if a player on the winning side by mischance let the ball drop from his hand to the ground, the other side could claim all the sticks won. The party who took all the sticks would win the game, therefore the goods that were at stake, the war-bonnets, shirts, bows, arrows, and quivers, and the many other articles played for, were divided among those who had taken part in the sport.

All of the Sioux Nation played the game in

this manner, excepting the Sante band, who used moccasins. As soon as the game was called, it proceeded as when played with the hands. Those who had the balls took off their moccasins and covered them with a corner of their blankets. This prevented the people from seeing whether both balls were put into one, or one into each, moccasin. The man who watched the play then took a stick and struck the moccasins in which he thought the balls were placed.

Among games for women was one called Throwing Sticks—*Paslo hanpi unpi*. Each player had a stick seven feet long, with a buffalo or an elk horn fastened to one end. In order to make it fit very tight, the horn was boiled and placed on the stick while it was still soft. In the winter when the snow was hard and slippery, a number of young girls went out in the open with these sticks and lined up, with perhaps four, five, or six on a side. Then they took turns in throwing or sliding these just as far as they could over the frozen snow. The side having the larger number of those who threw them the longer distance won the game and all the beadwork of their opponents as well.

Another game for women was *Icasdahe ki-cunpi*—Using the Balls. Several girls, perhaps as many as eight in number, went off together in the winter time to a creek, or river, some distance away from camp. They took with them some small cylindrical pieces of wood about two



PIPE POUCHES

inches in height and the same in diameter, also a few little wooden balls. After they had built some fires, they spread their robes on the ice and sat down for the game. Each side was about twenty feet apart. One of the small, round pieces of wood was put before each player. All in turn tried to hit these with the little balls, each one aiming at the piece in front of the girl directly across from her. If she succeeded in hitting it, she could compel the girl opposite to give up a piece of her bead or porcupine quill work. The game went on for a long time until all the goods played for were handed over to the winning side. The girls liked to play this game, and did so whenever they could get an opportunity. As it was done quite a distance from their people, no one was about to watch them. The young men, however, usually found out the place to which the girls were going, and were sure to be on hand to view the performance. In this way there was much merriment, not to mention love-making, and a charming time for all concerned.

Natural phenomena have always had a great fascination for the Indians, and some among them pretend to accumulate knowledge regarding such phenomena. Thus, for example, thunder was explained as the noise of people trampling around in the sky, and so making the terrible noise. Others professed to know about birds, which told them strange, secret things.

In order that this benefit might be obtained

for these experts, as well as derived from them, a great circle about a mile in diameter, and one in which thousands could assemble, was prepared, and in it was placed a huge tent. In the circle, too, was a roaring fire, over which a great pot was boiling. In this were thrown a buffalo's tongue or a deer's tongue, or a fish. Large quantities of other things, too, were boiling and steaming in the pot. It was carefully watched by the man who knew the secret things. Many of the people rubbed themselves over with a kind of root which kept them from being scalded by the boiling contents. Then, with a mad rush, they all began to dance around the kettle and so sing songs.

SONG.

Little Wind belongs to me!
In this kettle they place
A deer tongue for me!

ODOWAN KIN.

Tate Ciqa yena mitawa nun
we
Ceǵa de ed taceji wan
Iyorpeyapi e mitawa nunwe!

After this a man called out: "It is not time yet." It was, however, a signal that everything was ready. Immediately all pressed violently forward and tried to grab something from the steaming contents of the pot, while they shouted and yelled: "Don't come over here with that boiling stuff!" meaning quite the opposite. Whereupon they ran madly about, throwing the hot soup and stuff all over one another. The men who got the buffalo tongue or the deer tongue or the fish were the ones who would know secret

things. As may be imagined, those who joined in this sport were covered from head to foot with the hot grease. A clean white sheet hung up a little distance away afforded an opportunity for the crowd to rid themselves, in part, of the mess, until it was in the same condition itself. Whereupon the players took a swim in the nearby creek, and in that way cleaned and cooled themselves, before returning to camp.

Occasionally certain men were credited with a secret knowledge of what the enemy was doing outside of camp. These men tied flies' nests to their ears and shook them around as they danced. They were told by the flies regarding the movements and the plans of the enemy; and absorbed the power, or the spirit of the flies. They were in the same rank as those having the spirit of the buffalo or the deer.

FLY SONG.

The things going on
Were told to me
By these black flies!

HONAGILA ODOWAN.

Taku yukan hecin-han
Owasin omakiyakapi ece
Honagina sapena kin hena
O makayapaki ece.

Falling Hail, a medicine man, professed a special degree of knowledge regarding secret things. He dressed and acted, at all times, as though he were going to, or were present at, a performance of some kind. He was accustomed to travel about the country dancing and telling of his doings, but with an odd habit of always

stating the opposite of what he meant. Falling Hail was tall, erect, and very fine looking. On one side of his head the hair was shaved; on the other side, it grew as long as nature allowed. Even in the bitterest weather he habitually took off all his clothes and painted himself. Yet he never was known to take cold, nor was he ever frostbitten. He lived to a great age.

This odd habit of saying one thing and meaning another, had a curious illustration in one Big Voice, a medicine man with whom Tipi Sapa was acquainted. He wore his hair very long on one side, on the other he cut it off just above the shoulder. He had very handsome clothing and belongings. His shirt, blanket, and drum were beautifully trimmed with porcupine quill work. This was done by his sister who excelled in the art. Big Voice used to go into the circle, sing his secret songs, and dance about. In summer, when he rode his horse down to the creek for a drink, he generally sat on him backward and drove him forward. He often visited the girls, and if he fancied one, said to her: "I hate you! I don't want to marry you; so, don't say, yes!" The girl favored with his address usually knew enough to reply in the same backhanded manner, "No! I don't want to marry *you*!" Nevertheless, Big Voice had only one wife.

Once upon a time Big Voice started off with a party to war. When the enemy's country was reached, he sent two men ahead to learn whether

they were really at home. He found out that they were in the country, and were preparing to make an attack the next morning. His men at once set to work at painting their horses and dressing themselves. Meantime Big Voice had painted himself all over mud color, and his horse the same, but only on one side. Then he tied long strings of white tape (linen) to his bridle just below the chin. After these "preparings" he said to the people: "I am riding a horse of cloud. You see him. I have tied black cords to him (meaning the opposite of white linen strings). He will run all day." Next morning the attack was made. Big Voice reached the neighborhood of the enemy first and seized some horses. One of his men was killed and his scalp taken. As they were retreating the enemy attacked them with great force, whereupon Big Voice shouted to his men: "Do not chase the enemy; ride away from them!" Actually he appears to have meant that they should turn around and give chase. He himself chased the enemy a long distance, but never fired a shot, because some of his party never told him *not* to shoot. During the course of the fighting he even pursued his own people and fired on them, making out that they were the enemy and that he was trying to defend his friends. He acted in this way all through the fight, until the enemy was wearied out and the chase brought to an end. After it was over, the people said to one another: "Why didn't you

tell Big Voice *not* to fire at the enemy? Then he would have done it, and would have killed many of them."

This trick of saying and doing the opposite of what one meant seems to have been not unusual among the Dakotas. Whatever attraction it may have as a sport, it is hardly to be recommended as promoting either understanding or discipline.



DAKOTA SHIELDS



CHAPTER XV.

BANDS (WICOTI)

Camping—Doings of Friendly Bands Camping a
Little Distance From One Another—
Doings of Warriors Meeting
Together

JT was said before, that whenever a move was made, the women had to attend to everything connected with the encampment. Besides taking care of the tents and the provisions, cutting wood, and carrying water, there were many other things to be done. The entire charge of the "medicines" and the war equipment was left to them. The "medicines" were always guarded with the utmost care. Tied in bundles and wrapped in skins or cloths, they were suspended on tripods five or six feet in height set up behind the tipis outside of the Circle. It was not thought good for the medicines to have people constantly passing by them. They were held sacred, and were to be kept free from impurity.

The accoutrements of war — shirts, bonnets, shields, quivers, bows, arrows, spears, lances, guns, whips, and knives, everything used in fight-

ing—were hung on similar poles or tripods and arranged directly in front of the tipis. They were so placed as to be within easy reach of the men, in case of a sudden attack by the enemy. In wet weather, the women covered both the medicines and the war equipments with soft buffalo robes.

Friendly bands finding themselves encamped within visiting distance of each other usually took advantage of the opportunity, but even such friendly visits were accompanied with much excitement and warlike show. Horses were saddled and weapons assumed, as if for actual hostilities, and the warriors made a furious advance upon the friendly encampment, riding about it, firing their guns, shooting their arrows, and imitating, as nearly as might be done with safety, the proceedings of an enemy attack. Seldom was anyone hurt in these friendly encounters and they served not only as an opportunity for display on the part of the visitors, but also as a very effective warning to their hosts, to be constantly on their guard lest similar incursions on the part of seemingly friendly bands might find them unprepared.

Two parties of the same, or of other bands, may have been camping a little distance apart, and one may not have known that the other was in the neighborhood. The party that was unaware may have said: "Let us go on and sit with them," or else, "Let us go, and walk in and sit with them like Omahas." (Many years ago, the Omahas had a way of entering another camp sud-

denly, of asking for tobacco, and making themselves at home; and it was from them that the Sioux got this custom.) The members of the quasi-assailing party went along gaily, singing songs. As soon as they saw the camp towards which they were making their way, they sent a crier ahead to announce their approach. When he arrived, he said: "Friends, some people are coming, in fact, they are right here, and they will sing and amuse you. They want to smoke your tobacco." Then the company walked in, and sat and smoked with them. If the party visited were able to do it, they gave presents of horses, clothing, and perhaps many other articles, to those who came to see them.

Sometimes it happened that two parties a long way off from one another started out for a friendly raid, and neither knew that the other was approaching. As the criers of each came into sight, the companies halted then and there, and seated themselves on the ground. All of a sudden, they both made a mad rush forward and became intermingled. Amid the noise and confusion loud cries were heard of: "I will give you this!" "We will give you that!" They continued shouting and handing around their belongings until everything on both sides was given away; as a matter of fact, one party completely changed goods with the other. This was called fighting and giving away—*Ituran kicizapi*.

There was still another kind of doings among

the bands; that of soldiers meeting together—akicita ecipapi. A band started out to hunt buffalo, and on the way met another bent upon the same object. Then one party rushed upon the other and fought desperately; beating them hard with their whips, bows, and spears. None were killed, but many were quite badly injured. After this, both went together and chased the buffalo. When a mile away from the herd they came to a standstill, and made of themselves two equal divisions. Eight men, called soldiers, were chosen, who took their position in front of the crowd and kept them from pushing forward. Anyone who dared to go beyond them toward the buffalo, was severely beaten by these men; or, perhaps, had his horse shot under him by an arrow from one of them. If he still persisted in going, he was thrashed harder than ever; possibly killed on the spot. Occasionally it happened that a man succeeded in rushing past these soldiers; but he was brought back and flogged in such a manner that he was too badly injured to go to the hunt, and was obliged to return, in the best way he could, to the circle. If he kept perfectly quiet and took his punishment well, he was invited by the soldiers to a dinner in camp after the hunt. They then told him that they did not want to treat him so roughly, but it was their duty to keep order, and for others to obey commands. To make further amends, they perhaps gave him a horse, or something else of value.

As related before, the old men were supposed to receive a good share of the buffalo meat, which was given to them by the hunters. They sang the praises of these young men for their kindness and generosity and thus secured for them the good opinion of everyone in camp.

SONG (OF THE OLD MEN).

A Pawnee Indian lies down:
Sunrise has killed him!
Sunrise is brave!
Sunrise is brave!

ODOWAN KIN.

Padani wan hedwanke do;
Wihinape he econwe!
Wihinape iyahahe!
Wihinape iyahahe!

There was still another custom common among the Dakotas. When one of the bands was defeated in war, the members were desirous of taking revenge, but felt that they would not be successful by themselves. They therefore sent out representatives in deep mourning to go in search of help from a different band. As soon as the messengers met with the friends whom they were seeking, they sat on the ground with bowed heads and covered their faces with their hands. An old man was appointed to do the speaking; and he went around and placed his hands on the heads of the men in the band that was being called upon for help. As he did this, he said: "My friends, I am old, I want to take revenge on my enemies, but cannot do much; will you help us? If you do, we will give you, after the battle is over, five hundred head of colts as a reward. Answer me! Will you help us?" The men to

whom this appeal was made pondered things for awhile; then they replied: "We will go home first, talk it over with some more of our people, and let you know." Thereupon these same men went to camp and related the affair to the chiefs and leaders. When they had reached a decision, they sent a message to the visiting men who required the assistance from them. If this decision were favorable to the latter, a great feast was held to which they were invited. Then it was said to them: "You lead the way, because you know the country, but give us authority to attack the enemy when we see them, and to fight them in our own way. If you will agree to that, we will smoke the pipe of peace with you; if not, we will give you no help." In case the agreement was made, those who were to furnish assistance said further: "Choose the time and place of meeting." The two parties met at the time and in the place appointed and started out together for the attack. After a vigorous encounter, the enemy were in all probability defeated. When the fighting was over, the men who had been in trouble gave, as they had promised, five hundred head of colts to those who had helped them in the battle; and everything was arranged satisfactorily to all concerned.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BUNDLE OF TOBACCO—CANDI WOPARTE

A Bundle of Tobacco in the Tribe — How it is Carried to a Different Tribe

DURING the winter of 1866, the United States Government invited some of the Dakota chiefs and leaders to go to Washington. A number of them went, and remained until the spring of 1867. The officials talked with these Indians about peace and tried to come to terms with them; but nothing of any importance resulted. On their return to Dakota, Francis des Lauriers, the father of Tipi Sapa, called a big meeting in camp. He suggested that bags of tobacco be sent to the different bands of Dakotas, with the request that they should stop fighting with the white people. Acting upon this advice, the Yankton Sioux prepared a quantity of tobacco mixed with kinnickinnick, and packed it in small bags, which were slung by strings around the necks of messengers. The latter were sent first to the Uncpapas (Sitting Bull's people), but met with no favor. The runners, shaking off the dust of

this tribe from their feet, passed on to the Minnikanwojus (Planting near the water). These people having left their own reservation, were then living in Montana, along the Powder river. When they came into camp, the leaders who were assembled around the camp fire, asked them whence they came. The runners answered: "We come from the Yankton band." "What do you want?" asked the leader of the Minnikanwojus. "We want you to stop fighting the whites," replied the messenger of the Yanktons, "and come back to your own reservation and settle down." After much discussion, the chiefs and leaders finally agreed to do as the Yankton leaders suggested. Taking the pipe of peace, and pointing it to heaven, to the four corners of the winds, and to the earth, they filled it with tobacco from the bundles of the Yanktons, smoked it, and made their solemn oath to the Supreme Being above. So the pledge was made. Then turning to the messengers, they said: "Go back to your own chiefs, my friends, and tell them this: 'You are kind; you are thoughtful; we accept your bundle of tobacco'." Upon receiving the report from the Minnikanwojus that the latter were willing to return to their reservation in the neighborhood of Fort Bennett and that, as a pledge of good faith, their chief, White Swan, would come in the following Spring as the representative of his tribe to renew, with the Yanktons, the oath to which his tribe had bound themselves, the Yankton

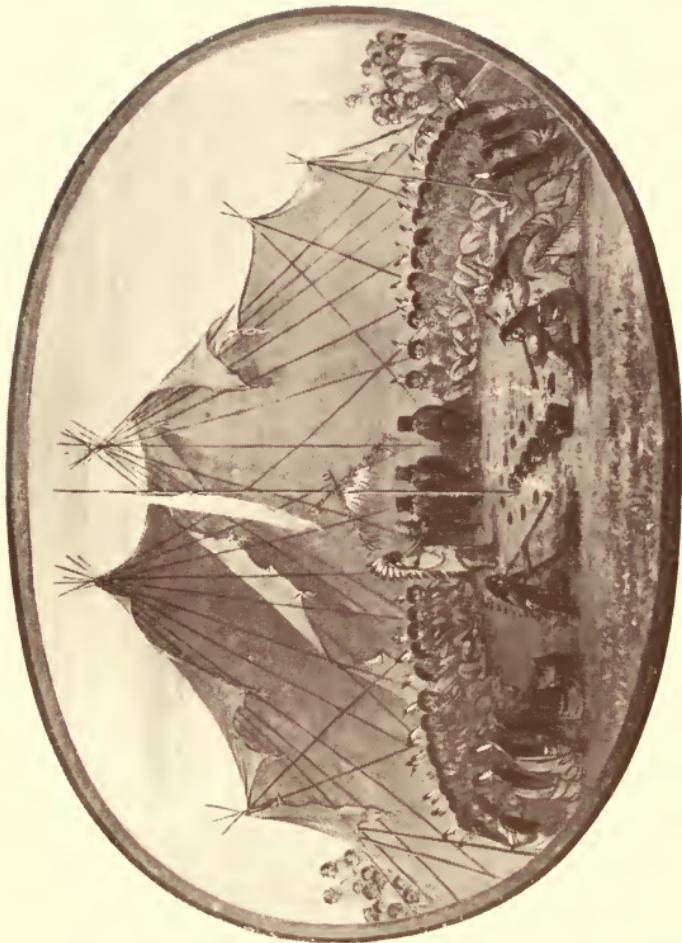
messengers returned to their own tribe. On his arrival White Swan was received most cordially by the Yankton chiefs and urged with great solemnity to remain faithful to the most solemn oath which it was possible for an Indian to take —the oath sworn over the pipe of peace and the bundle of tobacco.

Meantime Little Hawk, one of the leaders of the Uncpapas, had reconsidered the Yankton proposal and had decided to enter into an agreement with General Custer. His plea was based on the ground that his people did not wish to fight with the whites, but did desire liberty to roam freely as heretofore and to hunt the buffalo without being disturbed. "We cannot do this", said Little Hawk, "because you fire on us and trouble us all the time, and we must defend ourselves. Come and smoke the pipe of peace with us." Custer assented, and went with Little Hawk to the camp of the Uncpapas. The leader took the pipe, pointed it to heaven, to the four corners of the winds, and to the earth, smoked it, and passed it to the white chief and to the other leaders. Custer smoked the pipe with them, thereby taking the oath of peace. The leader of the Uncpapas then said to him: "If you break this oath, you will be punished by the Supreme Being; if we break it, so will we suffer." The conclave was a solemn one, the oath, at least in Indian eyes, the most binding possible. But Custer appears to have been unimpressed. The oath was broken

almost immediately. For two months desultory fighting continued. Then came the battle of Little Big Horn, and General Custer's death.

Edward, the son of Little Hawk, lives to-day in Wakpala, and is a communicant of St. Elizabeth's Church.

In sending a message to a different tribe the Sioux observed much ceremony in connection with the pipe of peace and the bundle of tobacco. A buffalo-skin bag was filled with tobacco and kinnickinnick, fastened securely at the top, and painted blue. Several long pieces of the tobacco plant and a pipe of peace were tied together with this bag; and all was placed in a handsome cloth to be carried by the messenger. A man experienced in this "doing" took the pipe of peace and went through the usual ceremony with it, saying to the Supreme Being: "Will you help us do this?" He then explained to those assembled with him that the bag was painted blue, because that was the color of the sky. Turning to the messenger, he said: "You will want a day for your errand with a clear blue sky, when God (Wakantanka) has mowed away all the clouds. Go to these people, and find a man who will listen to you." The runner set out for the camp of the other tribe, and, upon his arrival, asked for the leading men. After the usual formalities, he laid his bundle before them and said: "I am sent here to ask you to keep the peace with the white people. You may suffer great injury if you per-



FEAST GIVEN TO "GREAT WHITE CHIEFS"

MOUTH OF TETON RIVER, UPPER MISSOURI

sist in fighting with them. We Yankton Dakotas want to give you fair warning; and we advise you to be friendly with the whites." The leaders of the other tribe talked back and forth over the message, and after weighing the matter well, either gave or withheld their consent. If a favorable answer were decided upon, the pipe of peace was taken from the bundle brought by the runner, the usual oath was taken, and the tobacco was smoked, thus binding the tribe to their agreement. On the whole, the Yankton Dakotas seem to have been honestly pacific toward the whites and to have used whatever influence they had with other tribes to bring about a friendly attitude. It is doubtful, however, how far this attitude was either realized or appreciated.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SUN DANCE

A Reunion of All the Bands

THE annual Sun Dance of the Sioux was an occasion of great importance and significance. At the appointed season runners were sent out to notify the people that they were all to assemble, for certain purposes, social and otherwise, for at least two months during the summer. The latter part of June was a favorite time; for then the Juneberries were ripe and provided a welcome addition to the food-supply. When the bands gathered for such an occasion, a very large circle was made in the centre of which a great tent was erected. This tipi was occupied, day and night, by the leading men. Here they sat and talked back and forth, reviewing all that had been taught them, and gaining fresh ideas from going over the old teachings. Upon their return to their respective bands, they took with them whatever of new learning or experience they had acquired in the conclave.

On pleasant summer evenings, the young men

put on their finest wearings, and rode their horses all around outside the big circle. They made as much show as possible in order to attract the attention of the girls. Another "doing" at this great gathering was for both girls and young men from the different bands to dress gaily, assemble in the circle, and dance nearly all night.

Toward the end of the purely social festivities, one of the leaders issued a solemn call to prayer. On hearing this, parties of young men rode off at once to the timber and gathered leaves from which to weave war-bonnets. Leafy branches were torn from the trees and brought to the camp, where they were rapidly put together in the form of a green booth or shelter near the large tipi in the centre of the Circle. Others cut the tallest tree they could find for a pole, and fetched it along swinging between horses. In the middle of the booth they dug a deep hole in which were placed a woman's work-bag, containing needles, scissors, beads, and porcupine quills, together with some fat of the buffalo. The pole was then set up, and the hole filled in. From the top of the pole was hung a cross made of green leaves, to which was tied another work-bag. These two bags signified, at this special time, liberty and freedom for the women. In fact, the pole, thus erected in the early morning, was properly a liberty-pole. The men painted themselves with the colors of the

earth — red, green, yellow, brown, or black; placed strings of otter-skins around their necks; and, over their chests, decorations of eagles' feathers. Skirts like those of the women were donned, while across their shoulders were thrown buffalo robes, with the hair side out. On this great religious occasion it was considered irreverent to touch any part of one's flesh with the fingers. In case it were necessary to do so, little sticks neatly decorated with porcupine quills, and placed in the hair at the top of the braid, were provided for this purpose. Thus prepared for the great ceremonial, the procession began to move towards the booth. It was led by a man carrying a buffalo head in front of the chief dancer, the latter bearing the pipe of peace. As they walked the people mourned and wept. Passing into the booth they hung the buffalo head over the liberty-pole. The pipe of peace was laid on sticks provided for it, and was used in the same solemn manner as it was on other occasions. The men sat in the booth in their buffalo robes, while the singers arranged themselves about a dried buffalo hide stretched on the ground, upon which they pounded vigorously. The first tone was repeated four times, and all sang to the beating of the drum and the blowing of the flutes. When the chief singer threw off his buffalo robe and went out, the rest of the people did the same and followed him. It was then that the actual dance began. A dancer pro-

vided with a lasso, handed it, with a suitable gift, to a selected man known to be experienced in the part he had to play, *i. e.*, to draw up the loose skin on either side of the dancer's chest, on each shoulder, and frequently on the outside of each arm near the shoulder, to pierce the skin, and through the incisions draw the lasso and fasten it securely to the liberty pole. The lasso rope was drawn through all these incisions and then tied securely to the liberty pole. After this, the man danced furiously, and pulled until his skin was broken. Sometimes, instead of the lasso, four buffalo heads were attached to the slits in the skin, two in front and two behind (none on the arms), and, with the rapid motion of the dance, caused it to part asunder. Every time a break was made in his skin, the relatives of the dancer had to give something to the poor. When all the places were broken, the women gathered around him and sang:

“Li! Li! Li! Li! Li!”

meaning, What a brave man you are!

This great ceremony lasted two days and a night. During that time, not a morsel of food was touched, neither was anything taken to drink. After the sun went down, the dancers gazed upon the moon. It was the most sacred and solemn occasion of the whole year.

All the people followed the chief dancer, and

went, keeping step to the music, towards the sun, which, by this time, was well up in the sky. They had many petitions to make; and offered prayers through the sun to the Supreme Being. One man wanted horses, and had tied small figures of them to his hand. Another desired to kill some one and carried a little image of his enemy. He sang as follows:

SONG.

Great Spirit, have mercy
upon me!
Give him (*i. e.* my enemy)
to me
With his horse!

ODOWAN KIN.

Wakantanka onsimadaye
Tašunke koya maqu yevo!

After gazing steadily for hours in the direction of the sun, the man who wanted horses imagined he perceived a horse's head, so his prayer was answered. The one who desired to kill his enemy had the vision of a figure of a man appear before him, and sang to avow the response to his prayer.

SONG.

The Gros Ventres Indian
said
He was going to come to
me!
He is here now in spirit.

ODOWAN KIN.

Eea Rewaktokta he
U kta keye ciqon
Wana hi yedo.

Some one who prayed that he wished to be married had his prayer answered by seeing the

vision of a woman. The Yankton men had a little song of their own:

SONG.	ODOWAN KIN. (Akiyapapi.)
You women, keep away from me!	Winyan kin akoka econpiye yo!
I don't want you!	Cicinpi śni yedo
I want a woman from "The Burning Thighs"!	Sicanqu winyan ecena wacin ye!

The Burning Thighs — Sicanju — were the Rosebud Indians, and if any of them wished to marry, they sang:

SONG.	ODOWAN KIN.
Go away, (you woman!)	(Winyan) kin ako econpiye!
I do not want you;	Cicinpi śni yedo!
I want to marry a	Ihankton wan winyan e
Yankton woman!	Bduza wacin yedo!

If a woman who had been living with her husband according to the first or second form of marriage, had run away with another man, they sang:

SONG.	ODOWAN KIN.
Tall woman, why do you leave your home?	Winyan hanka, toka e Tiwahe du ha he?
Your home is here without you!	Nita wakeya qon enna hedo

Meaning: "You were respected. Why did you act in such a way? You have disgraced the tribe."

White Swan, of whom mention has been made,

was terribly thirsty from dancing night and day. Some men brought water and drank it before him. He went on, without paying any attention to these aggravating creatures.

SONG.

White Swan, do you want
any water?
Here is some water;
We are enjoying it.

ODOWAN KIN.

Magaska qon mini yacin he?
Dena mini e
Un kiyeqe unyatkan han-
pedo.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE

THE story of this little book has been told by me. I, Tipi Sapa, know that the moral code as said to be given by the Woman has been carefully lived up to in the Sans Arcs band, so that the members of that band are powers even now for their gentleness and generosity and truthfulness. Just as the Pipe of Peace became universal, so also did this moral code. It must be understood, however, that it was observed among the bands of Dakotas *only*. Outside the tribe, it did not hold, since men felt that it was their duty to kill and rob the enemy before the enemy killed and robbed them.

Many stories I know are true. Many ceremonies I have seen performed. Some of the other stories I got from men who obtained them from their ancestors; and some of the ceremonies here described were out of date before my time. I write what I know to be true, and what I gathered from my people.

I know full well that some of you who read this will smile at a simple people's simple beliefs.

I beg you to remember that the Dakotas saw quite as far as it was given them to see in their time and on that plane of their development. Perhaps time was when the whites saw no further and did no better.

I know that in future such beliefs and such ways of living as were adequate in the past would be very insufficient. But alas, many Indians do not realize this fact.

Forty or fifty years ago, the Great Spirit raised up His right hand and pointed the forefinger westward. He said: "I want to save these My children." On hearing His voice, you answered: "Use us to help save them." In this way, the Church was given to the Indians, and has brought with her the teachings of God's love; that love which can and does touch men's hearts and bring about a better life for all.

For years the Christian white people among us have maintained the work of the Church. In vain? No indeed! Many men and women have been influenced by this great Love of God as revealed by the Church all through life and now they have died in the Faith. Can I count them? It is a hard thing to do.

Many there are who formerly lived by, and found sufficient, the old laws and customs. But now, in their enlightenment, they could not go back.

When the Bible came to the Dakotas, it seemed most strange to them that neither their medicine

men nor their other wise men could any longer control evil spirits, or the spirit of the buffalo; the deer or the flies. They believe now that those spirits are subservient to the Holy Spirit.

My people are an essentially religious people. When once they understand the Christian teaching, they prove to be devoted and faithful followers. As an example of this I cite the conversion of Chief Gall.

This man was a prominent chief, and served under Sitting Bull in the Custer massacre. Because he fought on the Indian side, the soldiers were after him. One day when he came to a camp friendly to the whites the soldiers surrounded the camp and caught Gall, although he tried to escape. They ran their bayonets into his body, one into his head and one into his back. Because he fell in deep snow, they left him after covering him up with snow, thinking he was dead.

Afterwards, Gall recovered consciousness, bound his wounds with a part of his robe, and walked twenty miles to another camp, where an Indian doctor attended him.

Later in his life he came to live a half mile away from my chapel. He used to come to the services, sit in a chair in the rear of the chapel, and simply listen.

One day he invited me to come and see him. He said:

"Many years back I was a bad man. Soldiers thought they had killed me. But God gave me

power to recover. He sent me to live near this church. The reason I attend the services is to learn the true meaning of the services, through hearing sermons* and prayers. All I hear have combined to make my poor heart see a Man in these services. He is called the Son of God. This Man lived rightly towards God and towards this earth; His words are truth and His deeds are kind, loving, and merciful. Far better this than the old life. I thought old life is true life, so did all I could for it, and endured many hardships for it. But God sent me here to find the true life. I have made up my mind to leave old life, and take unto myself Jesus Christ. I will spend the remainder of my life following him. I believe that at an appointed time He will take my spirit away, and then I want my poor body returned to dust with Christian burial."

According to his wish, Chief Gall was baptized and confirmed at the next visit of Bishop Hare, and was given Christian burial when he died. He sleeps in St. Elizabeth's Cemetery, a third of a mile away from the chapel.

The church on this reservation was still young at the time of the "Messiah Craze", about which every one knows, doubtless. At that time, families were in many cases divided, and it was as sad a period as your own Civil War. Some people

* Chief Gall could recite, word for word, after having only once heard them, the readings from the Bible, and the sermon as well. The Indians are noted for their wonderful memories.

were for the teachings of the "Messiah Religion", while others were for the Christian Religion. Those Indians who were Christians came and camped about this mission for protection. Through the entire trouble the work here grew steadily.

These were proofs of what the Christian Church could do for the Indians who accepted it.

It is a most thankworthy thing that the believers in Missions have so helped the Indians by maintaining the Church among them. I know that the Church, and the Church only, is able to solve the future of the Indian. Those who are helping are doing so primarily because they recognize the true Love of God and are desirous of living according to its teachings. By helping the Indian these people are helping themselves and earning for themselves blessings unspeakable.

If you could look into the corners of our hearts, you could hear us saying: "We thank you, Great Spirit! Never bend your forefinger away from us."

If I were like the wind, so that I could go to every one, I would visit the hearts of those who have helped us. I would give them all a universal greeting. I would say to them: "On behalf of my poor race I thank you!"

I know that many people, for all their enlightenment, do not as yet see that True Love of God in its fullest form. If they did, they would help others, and be less selfish. Would that all might

see the True Love is my sincerest prayer! Is it possible, I wonder, for us to hold fast to our blessings temporal and spiritual, with never a thought to help those about us, and still to enjoy those blessings to the full? Christian white people, I *know* you do not want the Great Spirit's finger to be bent. You want it to continue pointing to the Indian people.

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